THE LIVING AGE

Table of Contents

SEPTEMBER 1, 1929

ARTICLES:

EUROPE AND AMERICA ..... *Norman Angell* 10
BRIAND AT GENEVA ..... *René Benjamin* 14
CIRCUS DAY AMONG THE TATARS ..... *Adolf Grabowski* 21
AGAINST VERSAILLES ..... *Count Ulrich von Brockdorff-Rantzau* 25
INTERVIEWING CLEMENCEAU ..... *J. J. de Soiza Reilly* 34
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK COMES OF AGE ..... *Arnold Höllriegel* 42
RELIGIOUS HYPNOTISM IN BERLIN ..... *Wolfgang von Weisl* 47
POLISH INTERLUDE ..... *J. B. Priestley* 55

DEPARTMENTS:

THE WORLD OVER 1
CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 30
AS OTHERS SEE US 61
WAR AND PEACE 64
THE GUIDE POST ..... *Front Advertiser*
VIEWS AND REVIEWS ..... *Back Advertiser*
WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR ..... *Back Advertiser*

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly, on the first. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 25c a copy. $6.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Travel Register

THE Editors of *International Travel Register*, the traveler's blue-book, announce with pleasure that the *Register* will contain a preface by Robert Hobart Davis, author of *Bob Davis Recalls*, and a celebrated international traveler.

International Travel Register, now being compiled, will contain the names and addresses with brief biographical sketches of representative travelers, American and foreign. Listing in the *Register* cannot, of course, be paid for. Write the Editorial Department for further information and listing forms.

READERS of the *Living Age* are cordially requested to avail themselves without charge of the travel information service rendered by the Travel Department of the *International Travel Register*.

For reservations, information, advice, etc., concerning steamship sailings and rates, hotels, itineraries, rail and air travel to any part of the world, address the Travel Department.

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL REGISTER

253 Broadway New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

SINCE 1844 THE LIVING AGE has served its readers by 'bringing the world to America.' During these eighty-five years its appearance, its content, its appeal have varied, but never its fundamental purpose—to keep intelligent Americans in first-hand contact with foreign life and thought.

Until 1918, the magazine consisted solely of reprints from the British Press, but when the Great War brought a new world into being, THE LIVING AGE met the needs of the day by extending its field. For the next ten years it devoted itself to translating and reprinting the best material that appeared in hundreds of periodicals from every corner of the earth.

One sure test proved that this policy was successful—an amazingly high proportion of LIVING AGE readers renewed their subscriptions year after year.

But a difficulty arose. Manufacturing and editorial costs were increasing. THE LIVING AGE, performing a unique and invaluable service for a limited group of intelligent people, never quite cleared expenses.

A little more than a year ago, a new management was placed in control of THE LIVING AGE and it inaugurated a policy of expansion. The subscription price was dropped from $5 to $4 a year. The magazine was published once a month instead of twice. Its appeal, both to advertisers and to readers, was enormously widened.

This new policy has been faithfully pursued for twelve full months. It has justified itself in many ways, but it has been a disappointment in one vital respect. Our old subscribers, the real backbone of the magazine, have not renewed at quite the same rate. And, since we have had to choose between pleasing our old readers with sheer editorial excellence and attracting a new public with a low price and other popular features, we have not hesitated in our decision. With this number, therefore, THE LIVING AGE returns to its earlier standards and traditions.

Ease and Relaxation You've Never Felt Before
New Reading Comfort for all the Family
A Lifelong Investment in Health
5 Days FREE TRIAL in your own HOME

are enabled by the Mitchell Table to *sit upright*. Harmful humping eliminated.

DO you like to read? Then here is a new convenience! The Mitchell Table holds your book or magazine in exactly the right position for comfort. Arm-strain, muscle-strain, eye-strain are all removed. Read *for hours* with perfect comfort and relaxation!

Dozens of Uses

especially appreciate the Mitchell Table. Permits them to read without eye-strain—to eat comfortably.

Here also is a means of reading and breakfasting *comfortably* in bed. Children, using the Mitchell Table in their studies, sit upright and breathe properly. *Harmful humping* is eliminated.

An ever-appreciated ray of sunshine in the lives of invalids—a portable "desk" that allows you to write, sketch or draw comfortably in bed or in your coziest chair. *A distinctive and practical gift.*

Made to last a lifetime—The Mitchell Table is the *simplest* and *handsomest* made. Two easily adjusted thumb nuts control all positions of the panel. Attractively finished in mahogany or walnut. *Metal supports for bed use and book clips included without extra charge.*

now read, write and edit in their coziest chair.

5 Days' Trial—No Money Down: on receipt of the coupon below we will mail you a Mitchell Table postpaid. Pay the mailman $6.50 on delivery. Use the table in your own home and see its advantages. Keep it only if absolutely satisfied. Otherwise return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send in the coupon today.

It's not too early to think of Christmas—Here is a gift your friends will be proud to own. Ordering now avoids possible disappointment later.

Folds flat when not in use

5 days Trial MITCHELL MOULDING CO. Dept. 3109 Forest Park, Ill.

You may send me, postpaid, a Mitchell Lap Table in ☐ Mahogany Finish ☐ Walnut

Finish on trial. I will pay the postman $6.50 on delivery—with the understanding that I may return the table within 5 days if not entirely satisfied, and that you will refund my money.

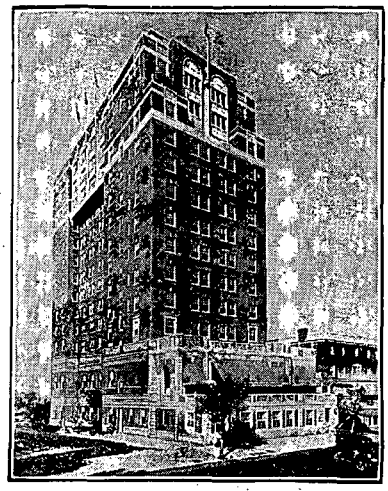
Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

■ ■ ■ ■ **Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE.** ■ ■ ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This Beautiful Hotel Invites You!

COLTON MANOR

Atlantic City's Newest Hotel Achievement

The atmosphere is charming . . . furnished in the early American period, quaint to the last detail . . . and then there is the ship's deck overlooking the sea, where the guests may recline in a steamer chair and enjoy the salt air and sunshine.

From $7.00 a day ***American Plan***
or $4.00 a day ***European Plan***

GARAGE CONNECTIONS

C. V. MEEKS
Managing Director

It will again appear twice a month, on the first and the fifteenth. It is raising its subscription price to six dollars a year, since twice as many copies must be supplied. All subscribers now on the list will of course receive the magazine until their original date of expiration and when that time arrives we hope that they will have determined to renew their subscriptions, not only once, but for many years to come.

BEGINNING with this issue, THE LIVING AGE will run, from time to time, colored frontispieces reproducing the best work of modern European painters. The first picture in this series is a landscape in Southern France by Raoul Dufy, disciple and fellow countryman of Matisse and Cézanne. It was painted some years ago—M. Dufy has just turned fifty—and is considered an outstanding example of his early work.

Norman Angell, who writes on Europe and America, has just been elected to Parliament as a member of the Labor Party. He has written extensively on international problems and knows the United States at first hand.

By all odds the most important feature in this issue is the late Count Brockdorff-Rantzau's hitherto unpublished attack on the Versailles Treaty. An introductory note sketches the background of this historic utterance.

A Latin-American journalist who rejoices in the name of J. J. de Soiza Reilly can boast the distinction of being the first man to interview Clemenceau in several years.

Wolfgang von Weisl, a learned doctor of medicine, depicts an extraordinary religious cult, symptomatic of modern Germany, that has recently appeared in Berlin. Some of our readers will recall that two years ago Dr. von Weisl also described in THE LIVING AGE the case of Therese Neumann, a German peasant girl in Konnersreuth, who bore the stigmata of Christ every Friday.

Just as the returns from the General Election were announcing the victory of the Labor Party, the young Duke of Norfolk was celebrating his coming of age in a setting of feudal splendor. Arnold Höllriegel, a veteran correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, presents a striking picture of this contrast between the old England and the new.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HILL TOWN

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY RAOUL DUFY

(Courtesy Henry Reinhardt & Son)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

SEPTEMBER 1, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4345

THE WORLD OVER

HAVING JOGGED ALONG by fits and starts for the past ten years, the continent of Europe has suddenly girded up its loins and is now seeking to liquidate the World War as rapidly as possible. There is no denying that the ultimate stumbling block is the United States, whose determination to collect a certain proportion of its war debts underlay most of the struggles of the Young Plan experts. For the moment, to be sure, America is a dim if dominating figure and the first result of the Hague Conference was to reveal that the Labor Government of Great Britain does not intend to continue making any more sacrifices to the French. But behind these bickerings is a state of affairs which Wickham Steed, former foreign editor of the London *Times*, describes in these words:—

> Broadly regarded, the Young Plan is a piece of complicated make-believe. It solemnly enumerates the annuities which Germany shall pay during the next fifty-nine years, and divides them into first and second periods of thirty-seven and twenty-two years respectively. Nobody in his senses imagines that, fifty-eight years hence, Germany will still be dutifully paying those annuities; nor does anybody think that the European war-debt settlements with the United States will smoothly run their concurrent course. As Mr. J. M. Keynes has observed, the most interesting features of the Plan are the suggested creation of an Inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4

Graf Zeppelin lands at LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, having flown from FRIEDRICHSHAFEN in 95 hours, 23 minutes—only 18 hours less than it took the *Bremen* to cross the ATLANTIC.

Pravda, official organ of RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY, asserts that present RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is definitely working for world revolution.

Advent of BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT is held responsible for sudden 'flight of pound' to FRANCE when it is revealed that the gold reserve in the BANK OF ENGLAND has fallen below $450,000,000.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5

ADMIRAL TAKARABE, MINISTER OF JAPANESE NAVY, says his country will insist on 10–10–7 ratio in naval auxiliaries instead of 5–5–3 ratio that now applies to capital ships.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6

PHILIP SNOWDEN, BRITISH CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, objects to YOUNG PLAN on three grounds: (1) allocation of GERMAN payments; (2) changes in SPA percentages; (3) payments in kind.

KING FUAD OF EGYPT leaves LONDON for CAIRO, taking with him BRITISH proposals for a new treaty that will lessen military control and substitute an ambassador for the present high commissioner.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7

JUSTICE VAN DEVANTER of U. S. SUPREME COURT and EUGÈNE LEFLEUR, MONTREAL attorney, are appointed to arbitrate the *I'm Alone* case.

FRANCESCO NITTI, nephew of the former ITALIAN PREMIER, arrives in PARIS after escaping from the ISLAND of LIPARI, where he had been serving a five-year sentence for refusing to support MUSSOLINI's government.

An ANGLO-FRENCH air entente is announced as a result of a conference between FRENCH and BRITISH AIR MINISTERS. The two nations will coöperate in developing long-distance flying routes in AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA, and the EAST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national Bank, and the Special Memorandum drawn up by the European experts at the instance of Mr. Owen D. Young, though not signed by him.

This Special Memorandum recommends, though not in so many words, that in case the United States should forego any portion of its claims in respect of war debts, the beneficiary debtors, in so far as they may be creditors of Germany, should assign, according to circumstances, three-fourths or two-thirds of the benefits thus received to the International Bank in reduction of the indebtedness of Germany. In effect, the Special Memorandum is an invitation to the United States presently to reduce or to cancel the war debts of its European associates, so that the German reparations debt may be simultaneously reduced or entirely wiped out.

When the terms of this Plan were first published, they received a warm welcome in the London Press. A leading editorial in the *Times* of June 10th came to this conclusion:—

> The most important economic interests of this country seem therefore to have been satisfactorily safeguarded, and Sir Josiah Stamp and his colleagues may well be congratulated on the conclusion of their strenuous task in exceedingly difficult circumstances. In comparison with the enormous importance of a unanimous settlement of the reparations question, not merely to this country, but to the world in general, the sacrifices which have been made are almost trivial.

A few days later, the *Statist*, a weekly financial journal representing the interests of Lombard Street, made an even more positive plea for acceptance of the Plan as it then stood:—

> It seems inconceivable that politicians will dare to question conclusions that have been born of such painstaking and prolonged labor or to impede their early realization. The new reparations settlement, which by common consent has already been named the 'Young Plan,' should enter into operation at the close of the current 'Dawes' year, i.e., on September 1st next. It is the work of practical bankers and of well-known economists, but it would be foolish to claim that their decisions are wholly free from the influence of political motives.

But British opinion has preferred to adopt Mr. Snowden's view, which has also been championed by Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. The report of the experts, which at first seemed reasonable and just, has been found impossible, and the diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* sums up the irreconcilable positions of France, England, and Germany in these terms:—

> Germany will accept the Young Plan only on condition that the anticipated evacuation of the Rhineland is agreed to.
>
> France will only agree to this anticipated evacuation provided she obtains, among other advantages, all the benefits specially conferred on her by the Young Plan.
>
> Great Britain, on the other hand, while anxious for the early and complete evacuation of the Rhineland, is loth to accept the Young Plan in its present form because of the new and heavy sacrifices which, in this form, it would entail for the British taxpayer.

The result was that when the Hague Conference opened, Philip Snowden became the man of the hour. His objections to the Young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8

PHILIP SNOWDEN asserts that PARLIAMENT will never accept the YOUNG PLAN and threatens to revise BRITISH debt agreements.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9

BRIAND announces that the five other nations represented at the HAGUE cannot give in to the BRITISH ultimatum.

JOSEPH P. COTTON, acting SECRETARY OF STATE, says that the AMERICAN GOVERNMENT can see no question arising at the HAGUE which would call for decision or action by the UNITED STATES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

PREMIER RAMSAY MACDONALD confers with THOMAS W. LAMONT and with MONTAGU NORMAN, GOVERNOR of the BANK OF ENGLAND.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11

A telegram from MACDONALD to SNOWDEN states that the LABOR GOVERNMENT supports the stand taken by BRITAIN at the HAGUE.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12

LORD BEAVERBROOK, native of CANADA and now owner of a large string of BRITISH NEWSPAPERS, urges that the BRITISH EMPIRE erect a tariff wall to protect it against EUROPEAN and AMERICAN competitors.

FRENCH and BRITISH delegations at the HAGUE both welcome temporary delays that are slowing down the conference.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13

Alarmed by reports from TOKYO announcing wholesale arrests of REDS in MANCHURIA, the RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has begun organizing a 'Special Far-Eastern Army' under command of GENERAL BLÜCHER, who is said to have advised the CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY only a few years ago.

The GENERAL LABOR UNION CONGRESS of SPAIN issues a manifesto to the SPANISH people, attacking PRIMO DE RIVERA and demanding a republican form of government.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14

The BANK OF ENGLAND, its gold supply at lowest point of year, is reported to have made arrangements whereby it can establish a credit of $250,000,000 in NEW YORK within a few hours' time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plan brought out emphatically this gradual stiffening of British opinion, and even the Tory Press hailed his 'rugged patriotism,' while his physical disabilities and mental brilliance became a veritable theme song of the various correspondents on the spot. But the most striking characterization of the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer was written before he left for Holland and appeared in the *National Review*, a monthly organ of the super-die-hards. Here it is:—

> It is just because Mr. Snowden is a Malignant Red rather than a Malignant Socialist that he is so dangerous at this juncture. Of his malignancy there can be no question. It permeates every utterance. It makes him *persona grata* to the Radical Party and ensures him Radical support both against any colleague such as Mr. J. H. Thomas, as well as in pursuing Radical vendettas. If he were more Socialist and less Radical, he might be less sinister. But he is so little Socialist and so distrusted by genuine Socialists on account of his extreme Radicalism—and hankering after Coalition with Mr. Lloyd George—that he may bring down the present Government. To that extent he is admittedly a national asset, but meanwhile he can do harm to greater national assets than this Government are likely to prove themselves to be. He showed his hand clearly in Opposition by his offensive attack upon France, whom he will never forgive for the unpardonable crime of having fought on our side in the Great War. Had she fought against us, nothing would be too good for her. As it is, nothing is too bad, and, if Mr. Snowden can kill two birds with one stone by posing as a champion of the British taxpayer against Continental 'bilkers' and knocking the Entente on the head, —which his newspaper applauders make no bones about,—he will infallibly do so.

However, it is largely thanks to its Labor Government that Great Britain has taken on such a conspicuously new lease of life in world affairs.

Not three months have passed since Mr. MacDonald moved into Downing Street, but his influence has already made itself felt in many places—most of them, curiously enough, outside his native land. Russia, Egypt, and the United States all play vital parts in British foreign policy, and, if Mr. Henderson has failed to reopen relations with Russia, he has succeeded in submitting a draft treaty to the Egyptian Government, while Mr. MacDonald has been breaking the ground for Anglo-American naval agreement. And there is general rejoicing that Labor is not going to continue the strongly pro-French policy that the last two Conservative governments followed on the Continent.

Only domestic affairs show no improvement. The throwing out of work of some half million textile workers in Lancashire cost the Labor Party at least a momentary loss of prestige and the intransigent Mr. James Maxton, a member of Parliament and an advocate of 'Socialism in Our Time,' asks impatiently, 'Has any human being benefited by the fact that there has been a Labor Party in office during the past two months? I can think of nobody, except two murderers who were reprieved.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY is losing $50,000 daily, 20,000 of its employees are out of work, and the NANKING foreign office makes semi-official announcement that CHINA will attempt to meet RUSSIAN demands.

Graf Zeppelin departs from FRIEDRICHSHAFEN for TOKYO.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

French delegation at the HAGUE announces that FRANCE, ITALY, JAPAN, and BELGIUM refuse to accept the ENGLISH demand for revision of the YOUNG PLAN.

PHILIP SNOWDEN says to EMILE FRANCQUI, chief BELGIAN delegate, 'If you have not come with acceptance of legitimate BRITISH demands, there is nothing to talk about.'

FRANCE agrees to allow AMERICAN agents of TREASURY DEPARTMENT to resume investigation of FRENCH manufacturing costs in order to fix the tariff valuation of FRENCH exports to the UNITED STATES.

MOSCOW newspapers report constant skirmishes between the WHITE GUARD forces and RED troops in southeastern SIBERIA.

MONTAGU NORMAN, GOVERNOR of BANK OF ENGLAND, says he knows nothing about the credit BRITAIN is said to have obtained in NEW YORK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16

Cotton mills in LANCASHIRE resume work after eighteen-day stoppage which involved the loss of two million dollars' worth of orders.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17

Official spokesman of NANKING NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT announces that, if RUSSIA declares war, CHINA will appeal to the LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Meanwhile SOVIET troops penetrate MANCHURIA.

SNOWDEN agrees to forming a committee of experts of the five creditor nations to analyze compromise offer made by FRANCE.

GENERAL CONFEDERATION OF MEXICAN WORKERS resolves to call a general strike if PRESIDENT GIL's proposal to federalize labor laws goes through.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18

CHINA mobilizes 100,000 more troops.

One man killed and sixty-two injured as AUSTRIAN FASCISTS break up a meeting of SOCIALISTS in the village of SANKT-LORENZEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADED by LORD D'ABERNON, the first post-War ambassador from England to Germany, a British Economic Mission has set out for the Argentine with the avowed purpose of capturing as much trade as it can from American enterprises. Great Britain's position in Latin America is a delicate one at the moment. Eighty-five per cent of her invested capital is tied up in railways, but North American interests are penetrating so rapidly, especially in the telephone and electrical power fields, that there is talk of England's having to sell her railroad holdings. Furthermore, British exports to the Argentine have been steadily declining, while American exports, during the first four months of the current year, showed a gain of fifty per cent.

The Argentines themselves are outspoken in their hope that Britain will continue to finance their country's development. An editorial in the *Prensa*, leading Buenos Aires daily, announces, 'It is only fair to recognize once more that British capital has always been respectful toward the Argentine.' Should Britain have to recede further in the Argentine, her prestige throughout South America would suffer enormously. The Buenos Aires correspondent of the London *Times* quotes a prominent fellow countryman of his as saying, 'If we once lose the railways, then the only thing left for us to do will be to pack up and get out.' What with the noisy campaigns being launched in favor of free trade within the Empire, this attempt on the part of England to hold her foreign trade as well is not without interest.

M. BRIAND IS A CLEVER fellow—and no mistake. He has just formed his twelfth Cabinet, in which he holds both the premiership and the portfolio of foreign affairs. The other members all occupy the same posts which they held under Poincaré and are apparently glad enough to work under a man whose political views none of them share. But their tenure of office is likely to be brief. Almost simultaneously with his elevation to supreme command, M. Briand gave an interview to a left-wing Paris newspaper in which he came out in behalf of an economic and political United States of Europe. At once the critics were about his ears. Pertinax, in the reactionary *Écho de Paris*, pointed out that Briand's muddling foreign policy had forced him into such an awkward position that he could only escape by wiping the whole slate clean. It appears, for instance, that Mussolini has been trying to organize, under Italian tutelage, a demand for a revision of the peace treaties by the powers defeated in the War, which will leave France out in the cold, unless a far-reaching Franco-German agreement can first be made. Such a course, however, would be difficult, as France is committed to an elaborate system of alliances, and the only way out seems to be for Briand to assemble a European bloc of his own before Italy gets ahead of him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN THE SPANISH ASSEMBLY convenes again this fall it will have an opportunity to put the finishing touches on a policy that has been infuriating liberal-minded people in all parts of the world for the past five years. For, at their last session, the assemblymen of Spain were all given copies of the new constitution prepared by Primo de Rivera and designed to incorporate his various reforms. They were told to improve their leisure summer hours by studying this document, which at least grants freedom of the Press, though in other respects it is more severe than the old constitution, which the present dictator has been steadily violating.

Opinions of Primo de Rivera may differ, but there is no doubt that his administration has produced far-reaching effects. William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, a man who cannot be accused of holding reactionary views, gives this illuminating picture of the present state of Spain: 'There is an American conception behind everything. One is assured that General Primo de Rivera was profoundly influenced by the American ambassador at Madrid. The United States is the one country against which his zeal for nationalist economics has weakened. American enterprises and American companies are multiplying and receiving concessions and monopolies. American capital is flowing into the country, American methods are in evidence everywhere. All the telephones in Madrid are American. Skyscrapers are sprouting so fast that you would think you were in Kansas City or Minneapolis. And the Government has consciously been leading the way, pouring money into the country to stimulate the domestic market and to develop industry. Who would have said, ten years ago, that Spain would be the first country in Europe to go in for systematic Americanization?'

RUMANIA at the present moment is undergoing a unique and significant revolution. In Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, the forces of reaction have triumphed and dictatorships have become the order of the day. In Rumania, on the other hand, Iuliu Maniu, leader of the Peasant Party, is bringing about progressive and democratic changes. The party of the late Ion Brătianu, which was liberal in name only, now holds but ten per cent of the seats in the national Parliament, and even that small bloc has walked out, leaving the Peasant Party in complete control.

Maniu's task is twofold. First of all, he is trying to decentralize the administration of the country and, secondly, he is building up a firm parliamentary system of government. Although he has not yet attempted to shake off the tutelage of France in foreign affairs, the Quai d'Orsay is alarmed lest the nationalist sentiment of Greater Rumania—a frail thing at best—be weakened by the continuance of the present decentralizing tendencies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWSPAPER EDITORS, hard pressed for front-page news during the 'silly season,' may well have welcomed the friction between China and Russia, but neither of the two countries concerned can congratulate themselves on the abiding impression they have created. Even the *Manchester Guardian*, with its liberal—not to say radical—opinions, points out that the Nanking Government has disappointed its best friends by failing to abide by a very generous agreement, thanks to which China enjoyed a wide measure of control over the Chinese Eastern Railway, which Russian capital had originally constructed. The result is that foreign die-hards in China now have reason to assert that brute force is the only language the natives understand.

As for Russia, she emerges in a scarcely less favorable light. The Tory papers in London were full of ironic comments on August 1st—International Red Day—because the Russian Government was attempting to win recognition from the British while at the same moment the Russian Communist Party was urging the overthrow of all the capitalist countries in Europe. And precisely the same conflict between the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs and the Third International made itself felt in Manchuria, where the Communists persistently spread hostile propaganda in a nation whose friendship Moscow values more highly than that of almost any other country.

PAUL SCHEFFER, who represents the *Berliner Tageblatt* in Moscow and is generally conceded to be the best informed newspaper man in the Soviet capital, asserts that Japan is quietly playing a leading part in the Manchurian conflict. First of all, he points out that Russia has no real desire for war. Stalin, having weeded out all of Lenin's most able lieutenants, is now fanatically intent on putting through the famous 'five-year plan of economic development.' In that plan the Chinese Eastern Railway does not figure vitally and Stalin is said to have recognized that Russia must ultimately abandon the few privileges she still enjoys in Manchuria.

Japan's stake, on the other hand, is far more real. The present influx of Chinese labor into Manchuria may lead to patriotic outbursts directed not only against the Chinese Eastern Railway but against the Japanese-owned South Manchuria. According to Herr Scheffer, therefore, Japan is only too pleased when even Russia feels called upon to check the unbridled spread of Chinese nationalism. The dispute is essentially three-cornered, and the cleverest party is the one that prefers to remain concealed in the background.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe *and* America

A Discussion of Their Relative Natural Strengths, and the Political Consequences Thereof

By Norman Angell

From the *Spectator*, London Weekly

ANY ENGLISHMAN who has been in the habit of visiting America at intervals during the last quarter of a century will have noticed that whereas originally the Mr. Babbitt of the Pullman smoker would in discussing the foreign relations of the United States speak of, say, Britain—more rarely Germany or France—differentiating between the European countries, he is much more apt now, whether it be a matter of debts, or disarmament, or tariff, or trade, to speak simply of 'Europe.' Where formerly in his censorious moods he talked of 'those bloody Britishers,' he now talks of the 'damned Europeans.' Thus when an American judge writes a violently anti-British book prophesying for the next generation inevitable war with Britain and accusing this country of the 'intention' of destroying the United States, he entitles the book *Facing Europe*. He must speak of Europe when he means Britain. (Parenthetically, how can forty million people, always with the passage of time in process of becoming a different forty million, be endowed with a constant and specific 'intention' in this sense? And how can an American, who could not have told you a few weeks before the presidential election how his own people would cast their votes, know the 'intentions' of unborn generations on the other side of the Atlantic?)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This tendency of Americans to think in terms of 'Europe,' rather than of its constituent countries, was, of course, greatly strengthened by the circumstances of the War. America became involved in problems which were French or Belgian as much as they were British, and so in the true sense European; and later, after the peace, she declined to participate in measures—like the creation of the League—which, again, were not British, but European, if not world-wide. The questions arising out of debts and reparations are European questions, not merely British; and Anglo-American naval rivalry comes quickly to involve France and other countries quite as much; it becomes a difficulty with 'Europe.'

This tendency will almost inevitably be greatly accelerated when Europe wakes up to a fact which its post-War mood has caused it to ignore. This fact has to do with the relative potential power and wealth of America on the one side and Europe on the other.

Alike in Europe and America, we have slipped into the habit of assuming, not merely that America is now 'the big noise,' indubitably the most powerful single national unit in the world, having captured an economic predominance which yesterday was Britain's, but that this predominance is bound to be permanent because it is inherent in the nature of things—in American superiority of natural resources, in more fortunate situation, in physical advantages denied to Europe.

NOW there is plainly a confusion here. That America actually is wealthier than any state known to history; more powerful than any European state—all this is beyond question. But it is also beyond question that this is not due to natural physical advantage, but to something else.

Make even a cursory comparison. Nowhere is Europe cursed with the vast stretches of aridity which used to be marked upon the school maps of the last generation as 'the Great American Desert.' Nowhere on our continent can one travel for whole days and nights in a train without seeing a blade of green grass, or any green thing that is not artificially sustained, as one can when one leaves Western Texas on the southern route to California. On the whole, Europe has a richer soil than America. Water and land are far better distributed in this continent for human purposes than they are on the other side of the Atlantic. The American Mediterranean is not open freely to two oceans as is ours; our Great Lakes, the Mediterranean, are not enclosed for six months in the year by ice as are America's. Our river system is far better adapted for transportation—and so one might go on. There is a greater density of population in Europe, it is true, but density of population is often a distinct economic advantage, as the tendency of population to group itself into small areas, which we see even in new countries like Australia, and America itself, shows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The undoubted superiority of America and its economic predominance to-day are not to be explained by superiority of natural resources, but by a political fact (which gives rise, be it noted, to an economic one). The States have political unity; Europe has not. If the course of historical development in North America had been more like that of South America, so that English-speaking America had been as much divided as is Spanish-speaking America; if, in what is now the United States, there existed, not one nation, but a dozen rival nations—as south of the Mexican border there are more than a dozen different nations—we should not now be talking about American power and its predominance in the world. North America would figure for very little more in such terms than does South America.

But the physical conditions would be precisely the same—the same soil and air and water and raw materials of wealth. They would, however, because of a purely political fact, be exploited in an entirely different way. Large-scale industry, as we know it in America, would not exist. If Henry Ford had had to drive his car, not over indifferent country roads, but over a dozen hostile tariff barriers, into states, each one of which was determined to have its own patriotic one hundred per cent Henry Ford, and if Massachusetts had always been talking of the competition of its trade with that of Pennsylvania or Michigan—well, of course, there would have been no Henry Fords.

IF WE are to get any clear idea of the relative potential strength of Europe as compared to America, we must imagine Europe achieving at last some unity comparable to that which a happier history has already achieved for the States. In that event we should, leaving Russia out of account, have on this side of the world a unit of two hundred and fifty million people, of whom the British, German, and Scandinavian at least have shown themselves to be every bit as inherently capable of military, political, social, and economic organization as the Americans. If we can imagine such unification having taken place, there would be, in the Near East and in Africa, a field for the employment of large-scale industrial organization corresponding in some measure to the part played by the undeveloped West in the industrial development of America.

Given this one fact of European unity, the predominance of America in terms of potential power, whether military, political, or economic, would have disappeared.

I am not discussing for the moment whether such domination, either in the hands of the Old or the New World as against the other, has any value at all in terms of the things which make up the daily lives of ordinary folk; whether, indeed, the idea of the domination of a political group in the economic field is not due to gross confusion of thought. Nor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am I implying that anything like complete European unification, political or economic, will ever be achieved in any time that need concern us. But it is obvious that the forces making for greater unity—the tendency toward great international industrial trusts, toward the common action of bankers (to mention only two)—are extremely powerful. If economic interest (rather than confused notions about it) really dictated men's conduct, most of the barriers which now lame the economic efficiency of Europe would come down.

BUT, whatever the degree of unification which is achieved, it is all but certain that British policy will oscillate between an attempt to aid the process of unification and the attempt to keep clear of entanglement and to form, with America, a body detached from Europe, having no part in its efforts to form an orderly society. For, if we are to cooperate in the formation of a society, we are entangled; if each member is 'isolated and independent,' there can be no unified society.

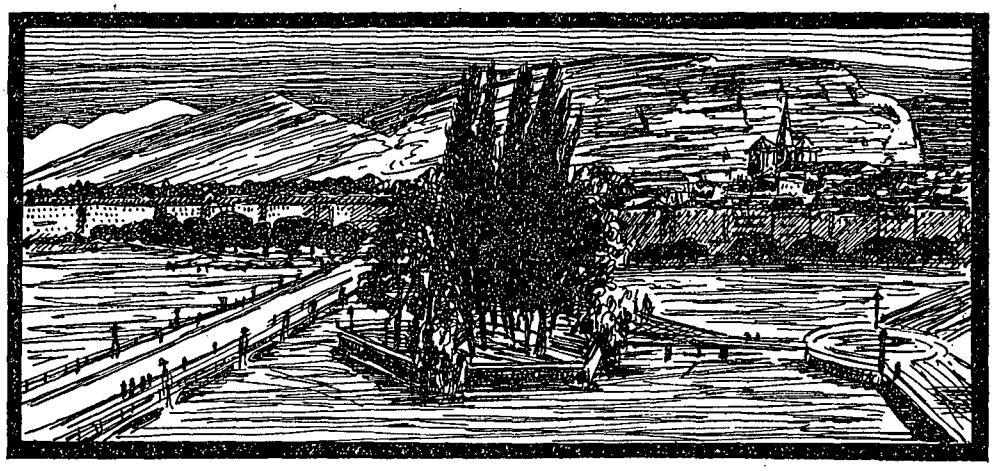
There can, of course, be no question of an Anglo-American Alliance. That is a dream. Nor can Britain for long remain apart from Europe, either. If, two thousand years ago, she found herself entangled in the affairs of the Continent, and suffered an invasion in consequence; if, a thousand years later, she repeated the experience, and once or twice every century since has been drawn into Continental affairs, she is not likely now, when the world has become a smaller place than ever, to remain free therefrom for very long.

Britain's special relationship to America—and it is a special relationship despite the passing of the domination of the Anglo-Saxon group in America itself—may place in British hands a power of veto upon certain Continental, and American, tendencies. When European tendencies toward some dangerous form of anti-American challenge became strong, she could weaken them by withdrawing toward America; and, by drawing toward Europe and accelerating its unification, she could remind the United States betimes that the dictatorship of America is not decreed in the nature of things.

The final outcome, let us hope, will be the coöperation of the whole of Western or Westernized civilization to the end of creating an orderly and workable human society.

39655

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Briand *at* Geneva

As Seen by a French Nationalist Who Feels a Profound Scorn for Both

By René Benjamin

Translated from the *Revue Universelle,* Paris Nationalist Fortnightly

IT IS AN EXCELLENT thing to be able to cross a frontier while you are asleep, as I did when I went to Geneva. In the morning the train officials wakened me. They were Swiss and, therefore, kindly. They said to me heavily:—

'If you have come for the Assembly, Monsieur, you are just in time. Priand speaks this morning.'

There was deep respect in their voices. So I was not surprised when, fifteen minutes later, the porter at my hotel, who was a Venetian, rushed into my room and said:—

'Let me take care of opening your suitcases, Monsieur! Everything will be arranged for you! You must hurry if you want to hear Bliand!'

There was no envy, but a deep fervor in his exhortation. He nearly pushed me out the door.

I was on the right bank of the lake, in the sunshine. Briand was to speak on the left bank, in the Reformation Room, in the shadow. I jumped into a launch to get across. The pilot was a Frenchman who could recognize another when he saw one. He steered badly, for he was nervous at the thought that his own Minister of Foreign Affairs was going to speak. As we sidled awkwardly up to the wharf, he said to me:—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'You are lucky to be able to hear Briand, Monsieur. If only he can keep peace!'

PRIAND! Bliand! Briand! Three notes in the same tune. One would have thought that the League of Nations had but a single member, whom all these people of various races pictured as a dove bearing an olive branch.

There is a big crowd at the door of the Reformation Room—but what a gloomy place it is. Was it built to glorify God? Then how it has fallen, for now there are only delegates in it. I was told that it contained an organ, hidden behind thick draperies. Had Briand frowned on such a competitor?

Well, enough of that. Sit down, Honorable Delegates from the forty-nine nations! Regardless of my own feelings in the matter, be yourselves. Try to think, and may God protect you when Briand begins to talk. For Briand is going to speak! At such a time, all that I might say would be idle. These crowding reporters, these society women rushing upstairs and panting: 'If only . . . there are still . . . some seats!'—all of them are gripped by the anticipated joy of hearing Briand talk. The crowd pours into the room like air filling a vacuum. The delegates are on the lower level; the gentlemen of the Press are leaning over the railing of the first balcony; and the ladies flutter in the highest balcony of all.

AFTER looking over the delegates from below, I climb up to see what they look like from above. You can scarcely discern them, but you can guess who they are with the help of the ladies.

'Look, my dear, look at Briand!'

'I don't see him.'

'Ah! I can tell him easily. He has a fatal attraction for me. Look. He is sitting in his own seat, not even looking at any one else. I am crazy about him. He is delightful.'

But the atmosphere up here is so full of warm affection that I grow frightened and join the reporters downstairs. They are sharpening their pencils and blowing the shavings over the edge of the balcony on to the bald heads of the delegates below, to show their independence. I would say more about them if the sight of the delegates did not seize my attention just at this moment. Like the amorous lady above, I, too, can see Briand, and seem to see him alone. For he indeed stands out by the manner in which he sits slumped down in his chair, while all the others are dignified and upright. Their responsibility weighs heavily upon them; they have come to sit. It was for the sole purpose of filling a seat that they have come from Finland or from America, leaving their wives and their children and their beloved countries behind, and putting up with three weeks or more of uncomfortable travel. They have endured

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every ordeal—boats, railroads, hotels—in order that they may ultimately sit, and here they are, puffed up with the realization that they are at last actually sitting.

Briand is the only one who does not seem to be preoccupied with his condition as a sitter, for, instead of expanding, he contracts himself into the smallest possible volume. Instead of throwing out his chest and pointing his nose into the air, he bows his back, and holds his head low. You can see the hump on his back, his hair, his fingers tapping restlessly on a table which contains no pens, no papers, no brief cases, no documents, nothing. His restless hand is beating time to the phrases of the speech which he is saying over in advance. The others, wedged into their chairs, are waiting for him. He is preparing to rise. Already he is bent almost double. He knows what he is going to say, but he pretends not to know how to say it. A speech for him is not a literary exercise; it is an act. He feels the way the wind is blowing, lets himself go with it—and astonishes the world! Someone takes the occasion to point out to me that the nations are seated in alphabetic order. *Afrique du Sud, Albanie, Allemagne!* The Germans are in the first row, to the right of the tribune. In a few moments Briand will be standing not five feet away from them, talking to them full in the face.

'His Excellency has the floor.'

BRIAND understands and begins to rise, though he does not wholly succeed. His back refuses to move with the rest of him, but, for all practical purposes, he is on his feet and moving toward the tribune, slowly, with short steps. He does not wish to move too fast for fear of seeming nervous. Instead, he strolls along as if he were going down to the corner to buy some tobacco, his legs dragging, his hands in his pockets. Yet he is about to give public utterance to 'things' about peace and war before these gentlemen of the German Empire.

The German delegates watch him go by with mingled astonishment and concern.

Now he is on the rostrum, facing the audience, which has grown suddenly still. The silence is impressive, and he savors it fully.

'Gentlemen . . .'

Now he has confidence. Now he is letting himself go.

'Gentlemen, I have come to present the point of view of the French delegation . . .'

THE next day Briand attends a meeting of the Big Six. The Big Six are the representatives of six of the countries which fought each other in the World War and are now trying to find a way to keep from fighting each other again. This time there is Chancellor Hermann Müller for ingenuous Germany, the Honorable Lord Cushendun for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England, His Excellency Scialoja for Italy, His Excellency Mineiteiro Adatci for Japan, His Excellency Hymans for Belgium, and, finally, His Excellency Briand for France, that old France which used to be called brave and proud, though Briand bears no very close resemblance to Du Guesclin or to Bayard . . .

The hotel in which the Big Six hold their conference is painted the color of whipped cream, vanilla, and pink nougat. The reporters are seated in the hall, waiting with amazing patience for an hour, two hours, for these six men who have come to talk about how to prevent war. His Excellency Scialoja is a little olive-skinned Italian. His face is wrinkled, and each wrinkle—there are a hundred about each eye—means experience and distrust. Naturally, he is a man who listens and does not speak; he has not got the complexion of a talker though he is capable of a faint smile. But this smile of his sends cold shivers down your back, whereas he merely sets you thinking when his face is in repose. He represents his country, or, rather, Fascism, which governs his country. He therefore finds it impossible to say very much to the representatives of the democratic nations, who speak for public opinion. But, were he to speak, he would have to say: 'We have done away with public opinion in Italy. Do you want to be done away with?' This would make unpleasant conversation, so it is better not to speak at all.

One day, however, a reporter approached His Excellency Scialoja and asked:—

'Mr. Minister, what, in your opinion . . .'

Scialoja put his finger to his lips, gave the reporter a penetrating look, and beckoned him to follow. The two shut themselves up together in a private room. The reporter said again, more slowly:—

'In your opinion, Mr. Minister . . .'

The door opened. Scialoja put his finger to his lips again. Some one came in and then went out again. By this time the reporter had weakened, but he screwed up enough courage to say once more:—

'Mr. Minister, what, in your opinion, is the primary purpose of the League of Nations?'

Scialoja winked first one eye, then the other. He even smiled his faint smile. He sat thinking for a long while, and finally his pale lips opened and he murmured:—

'Who can tell?'

The disconcerted reporter fled and almost gave up his profession.

HIS Excellency Paul Hymans, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Belgium, has too kindly a disposition to keep silent. He, like Scialoja, is an observant man, but he is kind-hearted. He takes nothing without giving something in return, and, as soon as he has an idea, he tells you what it is. His face is attractive, with its contrast of white hair and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piercing black eyes. There is gracefulness in that hair, eagerness in those eyes. He is vitally interested in the period in which he lives, though it is impossible to tell whether he approves of it or not. In any case, he is ready to bend every effort to being useful to his contemporaries. He is too shrewd to be prejudiced. He likes the peoples of the South. 'What poetry!' he says. He admires the peoples of the North. 'Ah, what moral purity!' Such a catholic spirit makes him admirably suited to work for the League of Nations. According to him, it would be difficult for any one of real feeling not to work for peace.

'If there were only one chance in a hundred of getting it, we should try!'

Hymans would make a splendid subject for a pastel by La Tour, but not so the Honorable Lord Cushendun. He needs all outdoors to contain him, and would have to be painted in a wide landscape where his broad proportions would not seem out of place. He is a pink giant with a shade of mahogany about him, that British mahogany which comes from centuries of good food and sea air, of salty breezes and buttered biscuits and hot tea. His ruddy complexion, his big figure, and his name, which sounds like the booming of a bronze bell, make you think of him in the open air on his garden lawn. Surely the country he comes from is a land of roses and oak trees. His big, loose collar makes him look like a cheerful child, but he is the most reticent of men and also the most timid. No one can judge what his real feelings are under his mask of uneasiness. Can you see London through the fog? The Honorable Lord Cushendun makes you think of both punch and melancholy at the same time. He looks brutal, but he can suddenly be gentle. From behind, he appears extremely stern, but, from the front, he looks like a dreamer. And, when he walks by and you see his profile, he looks as though he were going to a London club.

But he couldn't take His Excellency Mineiteiro Adatci with him. The Japanese is so tiny and fragile that you fear to touch him. How little his bones must be, and how sad his face is. He seems always to be just awakened from a dream and about to go back to it. His great head, which appears to be made of ancient yellow ivory, is all out of proportion to the size of his body. On his chin are two little bristles of hair, and his skull is dome-shaped. His eyelids are very heavy and he always seems to be trying to force his eyes open, but the dream he is dreaming is too strong for him, and he continually fails.

These four gentlemen, together with Herr Müller and Aristide Briand, make up the Big Six. Can't you see them in their conference room? Briand, his elbows on the table, looking at his hands with self-satisfaction; Müller, opposite, also surveying Briand's hands, so that he won't have to look at his own; Lord Cushendun slumped low in his chair; M. Hymans eager as a bird; Adatci like a little child in a high chair; and Scialoja, sitting somewhat apart, watching all the others, dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trustful of them and of himself alike. For more than two hours they sit there breathing the same air. What a test for the lungs!

A SOUND of doors opening. Reporters rise to their feet. Then footsteps approach, and voices. Finally the Big Six themselves emerge. But, if the reporters expect to get anything from the first figure which appears, they are mistaken. It is His Excellency Scialoja, whose face promises only secrets. But what a knowing man! He is certainly better informed than any of the others, and it is because they realize this that the information seekers withdraw respectfully to let him pass.

After Scialoja comes the Honorable Lord Cushendun, hidden in a cloud of pipe smoke. The reporters have hardly turned from Scialoja before the newcomer is upon them with his smoke cloud, like a bee-keeper surrounded by a swarm of bees. Does he mean to break through? Yes. He has but a single purpose—to be alone in his own room with his feet on the table smoking his pipe. His anticipation of this pleasure makes him appear so likable and his face looks so comfortably ruddy above his big white collar, that for a moment the reporters think he is going to stop and talk with them. They are wrong. But what a change suddenly occurs! In place of the Cushendun who looked as happy as if he had just shot a wild duck, stands a Cushendun cast in bronze. He has ceased to draw on his pipe and is waiting for them to get out of his way. The gentlemen of the Press fall back. He begins to move forward. Smoke rises from his pipe again and he has passed.

Behind him, slipping along in his shadow, almost unnoticed, little Adatci has escaped, too. Thank God! He had been afraid of being trampled on if he tried to go out alone. But, when he reaches the outer door, he turns back, raises his little top hat, and gives two mechanical little bows of thanks.

The reporters are touched, and in this mood they gather affectionately around the affectionate Hymans, who smiles, bows, and regards them indulgently. He is about to speak. He is already speaking. His lips are open, for he is too much of a gentleman to go by without a word. But what did he say? Could you hear? No. He hasn't said anything yet! His mouth is closed again. He motions that he is not alone, and it is for this reason, he indicates, that he cannot speak. Ah! If the matter rested in his own hands, he would love to help them out! But . . . the gentlemen who preceded him, the gentlemen who are still to come . . . ! The journalists show their vexation. M. Hymans gives them a delightful smile, at once disappointed and disappointing . . . 'It's not my fault, you see. You shall have me another day, I promise. Now I see that you are going to let me by. Ah! Thanks! You are so kind!'

He is followed by Herr Hermann Müller, the German Chancellor, a larger morsel to fall upon. This time the journalists begin a serious of-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fensive. The German comes downstairs smoking a fat cigar which makes his mouth as round as his eyes, as round as his spectacles, as round as his head, as the moon, or anything else that is round and silly. It is not easy to smoke a big cigar, and one has to be clever to pass it off. Müller is not. He knows neither how to smoke nor how to get past the reporters. He grows red in the face and, planning to get out at the right, makes a feint to the left. It is a familiar move, known to all demagogues, but he has surprised those against whom his feint was directed. They give way before him and ask him nothing, while those on the right close in with a: 'What news, Herr Chancellor?' A grunt is their only answer, while Müller, following out his plan, bears away to the right. He clashes with them, stumbles, and then, with his face red and shining, swears and departs.

AT THIS moment Briand comes in sight, laughing and joking. You can imagine what a windfall this seems to be. He is joking, which means that he will tell everything. The reporters surround him before he gets to the bottom step.

'Well, *Monsieur le Président?* What happened?' He has already begun to chuckle as he foresees the question. Now that it is asked, he chuckles even more heartily. For it is his custom to laugh at everything.

'Why don't you ask *him* to tell you?' He points to the figure with the cigar in its mouth going out the door.

What a laugh arises from the reporters! They are crazy about Briand, the joker. They adore him. He is the only one who knows how to make a joke, how to be funny. He knows what life, real life with all its comic implications, is like.

'Tell us what you did and what you said.'

Briand takes a step forward, almost as if he were about to dance! And he could have! The atmosphere is conducive to it. But his advisers pull him away and Briand says:—

'I'll tell you. We talked in three languages!'

Laughter.

'Sh! Sh!' said his advisers.

But he has not finished.

'And I really don't know whether we understood each other!'

Ah! Ah! Such laughter, such overwhelming laughter. In the tumult some of the reporters miss the final words:—

'I am leaving Thursday . . . for a Cabinet meeting!'

Is it the idea of his departure which suddenly seems to depress him? The light in his eyes grows dull. His face is dark and he stops joking. It is over. Dragging one foot after the other, turning suddenly spiteful and irritable again, he gets into his automobile mumbling something about 'contingencies.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Circus Day *among the* Tatars

The Romance of a Maiden from Turkestan

By Adolf Grabowski

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*

FOR DAYS WE HAD been voyaging down the Volga, and our steamer seemed like a floating bit of Europe, adrift in the Asiatic world. The ancient, mighty river flowed along lazily, in leaden solitude. Before the War, teeming multitudes lived on the banks of this stream, but now they have passed away and the river has reverted to its pristine state of crude power. It was a great river in days gone by and may again be a great river in the distant future, but at present it pursues its course independent of human beings. The right-hand bank of the Volga is the higher bank, the flatter bank, the European bank. To the left extends Asia, immobile as its own deserts, whose silence is only broken by the dim hoof beats of mounted nomads. I stand at the bow of the ship. It is early morning and the sun has not yet risen. The yellow water is sprinkled here and there with glittering splashes of red, as if the breath of Asia had passed across its surface, and, as I look off into the distance, I feel that perhaps mammoths are still grazing here. The world about me is just awakening.

On the horizon, a deeper red begins to glow across the infinite stretches of desert. It is this red that the stream reflects. A few scattered houses can be seen in the distance, and in the shadow of a great hill a yellow city nestles. There the steamer finally stops. We are in Kazan.

A bedraggled droski takes half an hour to rattle me to the centre of the town. The streets are wide and empty and the windows are closed. Famine stalked through this city and civil war laid it waste. The dirty hotel has miserable beds, and only one wash basin for each story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAZAN is the capital of the autonomous Tatar republic. The chairman of the executive committee is a Tatar and the presiding officer of the public assembly is a Tatar. They govern the town from the Kremlin mountain and live in tumble-down palaces close to their dwelling places. A shabby, pointed tower seven stories high and red as the blood of an ox dominates the city. It is a relic of Mohammedan rule in the Middle Ages.

To the south lies the real Tatar city. Its miserable houses, whose front doors stand wide open, are quite eclipsed by the mosques, with their bright mosaic decorations. Dirty buyers and sellers are swarming in the noisy market place and the tall, handsome Tatars wear long silken caftans and little round caps. The yellow dust of Asia is in the air —dust that may come from Siberia and that covers everything offered for sale. What are people doing in this god-forsaken spot, why do they haunt these living ruins? As evening descends, slinking into the town like a murderer, I notice an announcement—a circus in Kazan. Barkers stand in front of the tent, fantastically clothed. The crowd inside is densely packed and half of Kazan seems to be there. Electric light bulbs give a faint glow. A woman riding bareback is faintly visible. I can just see her outlines as she stands up on the back of her black horse and I also discern two clowns prancing about. Her face is old and the faces of the clowns are old, but what else can one expect in this city? She leaps through hoops. One of the clowns holds the hoop too high. She misses it and falls to the ground. Such an accident seems inevitable. The dim twilight of the faint electric light bulbs makes it like another world.

Next number—riding school. Next number—two clowns fighting. Next number—a tight-rope dancer. Always the same dim light, ghastly, unreal. The atmosphere of the steppes of Asia penetrates everything. I look about me at my neighbors' faces. Behind me sits a Tatar, neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young nor old, staring at the show as if he wished his eyes could bore holes through the darkness. I note that his gaze is focused on the girl dancing on the tight wire. I am surprised to discover that she is the only young creature I have seen that evening. She is pretty, too, with thin legs, and her big gray eyes look helpless. The skin under her thick make-up is delicate. Where has she come from? Is she a European or an Asiatic? She looks as if she came from Europe, but her easy motion, her wise eyes are like nothing we have ever seen, for they are as natural as if she had lived in the Garden of Eden. No, she is no European and no Russian either. Probably she comes from Turkestan—that remote corner of the earth shrouded in secrecy and shut off from the outer world by huge mountains and vast deserts. Through that country the Amu Darya flows into the salt Sea of Aral. The left bank of this river is the black desert of Kara Kum, a desert so dry and dead that its yellow sand has turned to black.

I can feel the Tatar's eyes burning behind me. Will the little tight-rope dancer return his gaze? Will she fall as the bareback rider did? No, something else happens. Suddenly the Tatar leaps forward, seizes the little girl in his arms, and tries to carry her out with him into the street.

THE CIRCUS is at once thrown into the wildest confusion. A black sea of humanity seethes about in the dim light. The director of the circus falls upon the Tatar and seizes the little tight-rope dancer away from him and tries, with the help of his workmen, riders, and clowns to throw the man out of the tent. At this moment, however, all the Tatars and all the other strange races collected here rush to the help of the marauder. All of them are Mongols and they present a united front against the circus director and his troupe. It is a battle of many hundreds against thirty. The Mongols are animated by the spirit of their nomad forbears, and turn against the descendants of the people by whom these forbears once were ruled. It is a class war of nations within the confines of a proletarian state.

But now still another faction is aroused—the Russians. Everyone who calls himself a Russian comes to the aid of the circus management. It is Russians against Mongols, Christians against Mohammedans, a veritable religious war. Although earlier in the evening the Russians seemed to be Asiatics, a line of cleavage has now appeared. Fist fights and fights with knives break out and still the faint glow of the electric light bulbs shines dimly on the scene. But suddenly even this illumination vanishes. Someone has turned off the switch and blackness descends on the circus. There are deep bellows and bestial cries, but above all the uproar one shrill, gay little voice can be heard, the voice of a far and solitary country. The little tight-rope dancer is still alive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suddenly a shot rings out. Who fired it, the Russians or the Mongols? In any case, the crowd disperses. The noise fades away into the distance and I find myself alone in the dark, silent circus. It is rough, unpleasant going, as I feel my way to the exit, alone and in the dark. Hungry, mangy dogs sniff about me for scraps to eat. One of them snaps and I cower with fear. The streets are empty and on the Kremlin mountain the tower, red as the blood of an ox, glows in the faint, shimmering light that rises from the city streets.

I sleep badly on a miserable bed in the hotel and the next day depart on my steamer. From the other side of Kazan the huge and melancholy River Kama flows from the Ural Mountains and empties itself into the larger waters of the Volga. Our next stop is Simbirsk, where Lenin was born. Already one feels that the Caspian Sea is getting nearer. On the other side of the Caspian Sea is the black desert and beyond the black desert is the city of Khiva with its women and their lazy laughter. They know that they are penned in by the desert and the bitter sea, yet their fear makes them happy. They sing and laugh as they swing on quivering tight ropes, practising their art, while all about them in every direction the dim steppes of Asia extend.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Against Versailles

An Undelivered Speech by the Leader of the German Delegation at Versailles

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THIS SPEECH IS an historic document. Count Ulrich Brockdorff-Rantzau, head of the German delegation at the Versailles Peace Conference, had planned to deliver it dramatically at Weimar, in June, 1919, before the National Assembly of the newly created German Republic. At Versailles, the Count had steadfastly and obdurately opposed the demands made by the Allied and Associated Powers upon Germany. But this intransigeant position, which most of the delegation shared, had been seriously weakened at home in Germany by a growing force of conciliatory political opinion which became convinced that the Germans must subscribe to the Allies' terms. Brockdorff-Rantzau, on the other hand, refused to believe that this conviction embodied the final judgment of the German people. Fresh from the crushing ordeal at Versailles, he still retained a radiant optimism when he left the train at Weimar, and insisted that there was yet time for the German point of view to prevail. His words were calculated to stiffen the resistance of Germany to the proposals of the peace treaty.

The speech was never delivered. That June the Scheidemann Cabinet fell, and Brockdorff-Rantzau with it. The Germans affixed their signatures to the Treaty of Versailles. For years Brockdorff-Rantzau's powerful oration lay among his papers and was not discovered until last year, shortly after his death. In the interval he had served as German Ambassador to Russia. His views possessed a consistency and his expression a form that make them of absorbing interest even to-day when the occasion that inspired them belongs to the past.

THE reply of the Allied and Associated Governments which has been placed at your disposal declines, in respect to all essential points, the counter proposals made by the German Government with regard to the peace project. The concessions which they have allowed us do not go to the root of our objections.

No one regrets this more profoundly than the members of the German delegation. I might say that I regret it especially since I, as representative of the delegation, bear the main responsibility for what it does and for what it has not been able to do; but that would be unjust. In the course of these seven weeks of mutual effort, widely varying opinions have been repeatedly brought forward during the daily de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberations. But we have always kept the chief objective clearly before our eyes and we are united in our decision as to the desirable ultimate results of our activities.

The German Government, as soon as it was cognizant of the import of the enemies' peace proposal, characterized it as unrealizable and intolerable. Since that time we have spent weeks of work in investigating carefully its provisions. This labor, however, has not changed our decision in the slightest degree. In Berlin, just as at Versailles, the best qualified brains have been at work examining the significance and continuity of the conditions of the proposal. I can assure you on behalf of this delegation that the investigation has been conducted in an honest endeavor to find grounds for an agreement; but, the more meticulously we examined the proposal, the more monstrous it seemed. I will not weary you on this occasion with details. The commissary of the delegation will perhaps have an opportunity in committee to confirm my words. The general impression that we have been forced to draw from the matter is that those who composed the four hundred articles of the proposal were seeking in a spirit of barren bureaucratic caprice to deprive the German people of justice, honor, and life itself.

THIS impression may be mistaken. Perhaps the intention may not have been so malevolent as the actual execution. Perhaps our enemies will show a more placating spirit in their reply. That is an open question. The delegation undertook the examination of the conditions with all the care which the brief space of time at our disposal allowed. We arrived at mutual conclusions regarding the outcome of that examination.

With the permission of the presiding officer, I shall now read you our conclusions. We took great care, in this investigation of the new proposal made by our enemies, to place as much confidence as possible in their good intentions. Wherever we could detect advances, we recognized them gladly. But we can sum up our judgment of the proposal in one sentence: it is distinctly not satisfactory; it is far, very far, from being satisfactory.

Our opponents did not take into consideration the fact that it was not the aim of the German proposals to go into the matter of the penalty which they allege that we deserve. The German people are not willing to accept passively a penalty dictated by an enemy. Instead of such a penalty, we wished to lay down such obligations as a treaty voluntarily entered into would impose upon us. In doing so, as the defeated party, we are conscientiously persuaded that we have reached the limit of what we can promise; in our proposals we reached the limit of what we were able to concede to our enemies without degrading ourselves and compromising our future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE German people have perhaps had a more difficult and changeable history than any other people of Europe. The history of the German people has fettered them with many chains and has checked them in their efforts to rend the chains at seasonable opportunities. Last autumn the German people burst their chains with a mighty movement. Their enemies have proclaimed for years that they wanted to free the German people from militarism and imperialism, but the German people have freed themselves. And now the same powers who were never weary of asserting that it was only militarism and imperialism that stood between them and the German people have set coldbloodedly about the business of driving this people, to whom a little more than a year ago they were giving such solicitous advice, by means of this peace proposal again into the chains of a system that is at once militaristic, capitalistic, and imperialistic. It is only necessary to read hastily the conditions of the peace proposal to realize that they constitute the Magna Carta of that system. Our own movement toward freedom exacted from us comparatively few blood sacrifices. But, on that account, it exacted a heavier toll of sacrifices in the form of precious traditions and relationships to which we had become devoted. We are forced to admit that those sacrifices were not lightly made. Is it possible that we can allow the way to liberty and justice, the way that the German people have themselves carved out, to be blocked again by a peace which forces on us the very contrary of liberty and justice? Is the fact that the German people have proclaimed a democratic and socialistic republic to become no more than an historical whim? After inner sacrifices so arduously made, ought we not also to make outer sacrifices on behalf of the great conception which provides the basis for our new constitution?

The German people are now championing the idea of democracy before all the world. By reason of its intrinsic weight this idea will prevail. The clear, unequivocal advocacy of a policy that coincides with this fundamental idea is to be, in time to come, the justification of the German people's existence, as well as their assurance of a splendid future. If we prostrate ourselves now before the superior forces of our enemies in order to purchase for the immediate present the benefits of a hypothetical peace, we shall by this action compromise the future of our people. At the same time, we should by our signatures declare our true German brothers in the east to be *francs-tireurs* and rebels, since we cannot and will not restrain them from defending their lives and liberties against the Polish invasion. If we yield their country to Poland, the Poles will be able to shoot them down just as the French once shot down Andreas Hofer.

The benefits that we should secure by our submission to the dictates of our enemies would be of brief duration, for the peace that is being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offered us is intolerable and unrealizable. Some one of my hearers may reply that because of that very fact we can sign the peace proposals in perfect tranquillity, for the unrealizable does not need to be observed. Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest have proved that such covenants of peace do not last long. With these treaties in mind, you may say, we should submit to the articles of peace for the time being until, in the ordinary course of events, time and circumstances annul them.

LADIES and gentlemen, I disapprove of such a policy! The covenants of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest were not annulled because they demanded the impossible, but because they were drawn up by victorious powers which were themselves already on the verge of disaster. In the present case, there is no analogy to that situation. Are you counting perhaps on the possibility that some power as yet unknown will come into the field and break the will of our enemies after it has become our law? In my opinion, that is a foolish speculation. No, ladies and gentlemen, if we place our signature on this promissory note, its payment will be exacted with all the tenacity of which our enemies, whose own financial and political interests are threatened, are capable. We shall not emerge from the debtor's prison until we have paid the last farthing. And the most dreadful thing will be that we shall never be able to accomplish what we have promised and that, therefore, we shall continually be known as false to our pledged word and as unfaithful debtors. Fresh penalties will be continually inflicted upon us because we have not settled our old debts promptly. And, if we rebel against this treatment, our creditors will wave our own signature before us and taunt us with the fact that we ourselves willed this state of affairs.

For these reasons, then, I advise you not to sign these peace proposals—and when I say this I am well aware what my counsel means to the representatives of the German people. Our conquerors have not been dilatory in explaining the consequences to us. They will seize our main ports; they will cross our borders and occupy such portions of our soil as now remain unoccupied. To do this they will avail themselves of the help of our enemies on the east. It is probable that they will seize all the means of destruction which are a part of modern warfare, even though we do not resist them. All this is possible. If it should happen, it would be the most despicable crime that has ever been known in the history of the world, and it would soon revenge itself on those who were its perpetrators. Even if our enemies limited themselves simply to occupying portions of German territory, I can well perceive that the consequences would be extremely deplorable. The occupation would include territory that is essential to the life of Germany, and would be accompanied by an aggravation of the blockade of all the rest of Germany. In the occupied territory, the burden of foreign control and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

billeting would cause a terrific pressure of hunger and deprivation in the unoccupied parts. Can we demand these further sacrifices from our population?

I BELIEVE that we must demand them. They will be the last sacrifices that this terrible war will exact from our people. I am firmly persuaded that the fires of purgatory through which we are winning our way to freedom cannot last much longer. Will the enemy governments really dare to commit the outrage of doing shameful violence to the German people and of degrading them disgracefully, when these governments themselves declined to engage in honorable personal negotiations with the representatives of Germany in regard to reparation of the disaster of the War? Will they be guilty of the madness of subjecting their own people to fresh, incalculable military burdens in order to extort from the German people more than the tremendous sacrifice which is now voluntarily offered? In that case, their own people will refuse in the last analysis to stand by their governments and the time will come when it will again be possible to spread a message from one people to another and to establish the organization of labor which is essential to the development of the new Europe.

If you believe with me that Germany still has a mission to fulfill in the world, then you must also realize with me that the hour of destiny has not struck to-day for the German people alone, nor for Europe alone. The German people are called upon to carry out a world mission, and they will be able to carry it out only if they preserve their identity. The German people are not struggling now to win military laurels; they are fighting for the triumph of a peaceful, democratic ideal throughout the world.

The decision that I anticipate from you is an inexorable challenge to capitalism and imperialism, which have made the peace proposals of Versailles their official document.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Shaw and Hardy Write to Henry Arthur Jones

MRS. DORIS THORNE, who is now writing the biography of her father, the late Henry Arthur Jones, has given out to the Press several interesting documents from the pens of Bernard Shaw and Thomas Hardy which she plans to include in her book. Her finished work promises to be full of interest, for it will contain correspondence from such men as Barrie, Pinero, Conrad, Kipling, Wells, Anatole France, Max Beerbohm, and Matthew Arnold, all of whom wrote to her father regularly.

Here is what Shaw wrote after reading *The Princess's Nose:*—

My dear H. A. J.,—

I have read *The Princess's Nose*, and I am shocked, profoundly shocked. I positively forbid any more *la Turbie*. You will lose your public if you do not reform at once; fast, pray, forswear meat and alcohol; turn your back for ever on Monte Carlo or you are lost.

It adds Hell to Kentish Town, so to speak. By this I mean that you will have to live in Kentish Town and in Hell hereafter if you do not make your peace with outraged British morality. If you do it again, you are done for ever. I am now a respectable married man, and as such I positively decline to tolerate any more of these stalking-horses for smart harlots. You cannot really be morally dead. You talk all right and you look all right. You shall have one more chance; but, if you miss that, I disown you for ever.

Yours on the highest moral ground,

G. Bernard Shocked.

Another interesting letter is one by Thomas Hardy referring to his own dramatization of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles:*

Dear H. Arthur Jones,—

It was with much pleasure that I received your letter telling me of your visit to the Barnes Theatre for the performance of the *Tess* play. An experienced judgment like your own has a settling effect upon the chaos of opinions I have read in the newspapers as to the general effect of the production, though, of course, I make allowance for your indulgence toward the manifold defects in the construction of the play.

As you probably know, it was written thirty years ago, when both you and I were younger, and our views of the theatre—at any rate mine—were not quite the same as they are now. If I had adapted the novel in these days I dare say I should have done the job differently; but when, quite by accident, and at the request of the amateur players here, I looked it up, I found I could not get back to the subject closely enough to handle it anew. However, all independent observers agree with you in saying that it did not fail to move the emotions, which is quite as much as one could expect, though one critic, by the way, said that the audience 'all want to be moved, but none were moved,' a puzzling statement which I pass over in the face of the other testimony.

It is a long time since we met. I well remember your *Case of Rebellious Susan*, and, of course, several of your other plays. I sometimes wonder that new plays from your hand do not appear oftener now that the terrible Victorian restrictions are removed, and events can be allowed to develop on the stage as they would in real life.

I go to London very seldom, finding that, though I am quite well while here, the least thing upsets me when I am away—which is, I suppose, not unnatural at my age.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Hardy.

It is no easy task that faces Mrs. Thorne, for her father would never give her any information, although he always wanted her to write his life. He reports that she 'had to sit, unknown to him, behind his chair in his study and make notes in secret of his sayings.'

Germany and the Talkies

THE GREAT GERMAN MOVIE concern of Ufa from which American producers have learned so much is not yet convinced that talking pictures have come to stay. They do not feel that the present apparatus has succeeded in catching the finer nuances of the human voice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and they are not yet convinced that the European public demands spoken dialogues. Investigations in England have led the Ufa people to believe that the talkie is not nearly so firmly entrenched there as it is in America, although most British producers distinctly disagree with this opinion.

The reasons for these conflicting views are not far to seek. The British see in the talking film an avenue of escape from American movie domination and even an avenue of attack upon the American market. The Germans, on the other hand, realize that talking films in their native language cannot hope for much success abroad, while the domestic picture palaces in which such films might be shown cannot afford to install the necessary equipment. For the moment, therefore, Ufa is following a policy of compromise and is confining itself to the *Tonfilm*, or sound picture, rather than attempting the *Sprechfilm*, or talking picture.

Meanwhile, the American talking pictures have been making their first appearance in Berlin, where Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool* has won a really extraordinary success. This is partly due to the fact that the picture contains so much more singing than talking that the barrier of language is largely overcome, but the most amazing thing about it is the personal triumph of Al Jolson, who is hailed not only by the popular Press but even by the highbrows as a great artist. Here, for instance, is what the *Weltbühne*, a serious weekly comparable to the English *Spectator* or the American *Nation*, has to say about him: 'Thanks to this new discovery, we have made the acquaintance of that great performer, Al Jolson. With his eyes and the lines around his mouth he can assume an expression of real sorrow.

'He has an intelligent voice and he achieves a splendid mixture of earnestness and irony when he tells his little boy about puppy dogs and frogs. His caresses are delicate; he takes a youthful joy in success and he has succeeded in creating a tear-compelling tragedy out of a piece of melodramatic twaddle.'

The Jingo French Academy

THERE IS NO DENYING the compelling charm of French civilization. The boulevard café, the prose of Anatole France, the Folies Bergères, frogs' legs on toast—such institutions as these give forth an atmosphere to which all sensitive spirits automatically respond. Even the French Academy has scarcely dimmed the radiance that is France.

The recent activities of that distinguished body have, however, aroused some criticism in the dark places of the earth. Although not one French writer in the nineteenth or twentieth century has ever been unanimously elected to membership in the so-called 'Forty Immortals,' Marshal Pétain, who has, in fact, no qualifications for membership, was chosen, without a dissenting voice, to fill the chair that Marshal Foch once occupied. But, even if it were within the province of the Academy to recognize military glory, its newest member should have encountered some opposition, for he was one of several French generals in the War who failed where only Foch succeeded. His one claim to fame is his excellent, though not quite brilliant, fighting record, which won him the position of Instructor General of the French Army, giving him wide powers in peace-time and far wider ones in case of war. Clearly there is food for ironic reflection when such a man is elected to a supposedly learned body by such eminent members as Henri Bergson, Paul Valéry, Henry Bordeaux, and the Abbé Henri Brémond.

Thanks to the patriotism of these same intellectuals, the Academy's annual *Grand Prix* for literature went to Henri Massis, whose prestige is largely due to his talents as a controversialist. Back in 1913, the Academy awarded him one of its lesser prizes for a book that he and another man wrote expounding the thesis that the young men of his generation rightly wanted, not only to fight Germany, but to fight for the sake of fighting. According to the *Manchester Guardian*, M. Poincaré, himself an Academician, was 'particu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larly instrumental' in Massis's obtaining the award.

More recently, M. Massis has won considerable attention as the author of *Defence of the West*, of which Harcourt, Brace and Company published an English translation a year ago. The theme of this volume is that Western Europe—by which he means Roman Catholic and Latin Europe—is in danger of being overwhelmed by Orientalism. Previous winners of the literature prize include the Countess de Noailles and Romain Rolland, and Massis is the first man who has almost nothing but polemical writing—and that of a reactionary and royalist nature—to show for himself. His talents are by no means inconsiderable, but until the Academy bestows a similar honor upon some Communist agitator of equal skill, it will be suspected of having put prejudice above genius.

The Future of British Opera

THE CERTAIN DESTRUCTION of the Covent Garden Theatre in three years' time has raised the question of what is to be the future of opera in the British Isles. The present outlook is hardly cheering. In past years, an organization known as the British National Opera Company undertook to arrange a tour through the provinces each autumn, but this year lack of funds has prevented the project from being executed. The Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, however, has stepped into the breach and promises to send most of the artists that used to make the provincial rounds on their usual tour. The new company will be organized from the headquarters at Covent Garden and special appeals will be made to outstanding performers to make occasional appearances.

The news of this new policy caused great surprise. In the past, the various syndicates that controlled Covent Garden devoted themselves entirely to producing operas in foreign languages, whereas the contemplated tour calls for performances in English only. Opera in London has always been a foreign importation and the season has only lasted a few months. Indeed, for many years Covent Garden was known as the Royal Italian Opera, and British opera, as a national institution, led an uncertain life in the hands of the British National Opera Company, which grew out of the Beecham Opera Company.

The name of Beecham, however, is likely to suffer only temporary eclipse. Once upon a time it connoted only pills, but thanks to the energies of Sir Thomas Beecham, both on the conductor's platform and off, it has become a musical as well as a curative watchword. Already Sir Thomas has organized a League of Opera with 40,000 subscribers from which he is going to receive an income of $100,000 a year for the next five years. As the London *Times* points out editorially, there can be no rivalry between the Beechamites, who are now striving to increase their ranks to 60,000, and the Covent Garden Syndicate, which is rising to a temporary emergency. But it will be five years before the League of Opera can function decisively, and Covent Garden vanishes within three.

How the River Rhône Was Named

THE LIGURIAN LANGUAGE that was spoken in Europe three thousand years ago survives only in the names of a few rivers, lakes, and mountains. One of these names is that of the Rhône, and a recent contributor to the *Journal de Genève* has traced the history of that stream back to the Bronze Age, when a dark-haired race inhabited the forests of France and Switzerland and left behind them no written language but only such familiar words as 'Alp,' 'Seine,' and 'Léman.'

The first written record of the River Rhône was made in the year 600 B.C., when the Greeks established the city of Marseille and referred to the near-by river as the 'Rhodanos.' The second letter of this word, which attests to its Greek origin, has remained in place for two thousand five hundred years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No less than four other European waters were also called Rhodanos by the Greeks, but their later history has been more varied than that of the Rhône. One Rodanus, as it was called in Latin, flows into the Moselle and is to-day known as the Ron, or Ren. A little stream now called the Rone passes through Mans. There was once a third Rhodanos somewhere in the Garonne basin, but it has long since disappeared, at least in name, while in Italy the Rodano that joins the River Po was called Rhodanos in Greek and Rodanus in Latin.

The origin of this word has been explained in various ways. A Latin philologist of some fifteen hundred years ago asserted that 'rho' was a Celtic prefix meaning 'too much' and that 'danos' came from the Hebrew root, '*dan*,' meaning 'judge,' which was also the name of one of the twelve sons of Jacob. But modern research cannot take such naïve efforts seriously. 'Rhodanos' is now supposed to be derived from '*rot*,' a secondary form of the Indo-European root, '*ret*.' This root underlies the Latin word, '*rota*,' which literally means something that runs, and the Irish verb, '*rethim*,' 'I run.' It was some Ligurian variation of this ancient word that the Greeks heard when they went to Marseille and that they transformed into 'Rhodanos' when they wrote a letter home.

The Spirits Talk to Conan Doyle

'WE ARE ABOUT TO DIE—you and I. My age is just seventy, and I suppose an actuary would give me five more years.'

These strange words from an open letter recently written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to 'those of my own generation' may sound a little plaintive to the unenlightened, but to their author they are full of cheer. For he goes on to explain, not only that his belief in a future world is unshaken, but that he positively looks forward to an infinity spent in tapping tables and conversing with agitated explorers of the region beyond the grave. He admits that his belief in personal survival has occasionally faltered, but, he adds, 'always, when I have finished, my judgment, which has so seldom failed me in affairs of this world, tells me that there is no error and that this is indeed the greatest release of consolation and knowledge that has ever come to mankind.'

His faith in spiritualism he justifies as follows:—

'For eighty years, it has withstood all human ridicule, prejudice, and misrepresentation. It grows, increases, and broadens. It is a religion of knowledge and it is gained by getting in contact with Intelligences which are on a higher sphere of spirituality and power than ourselves.'

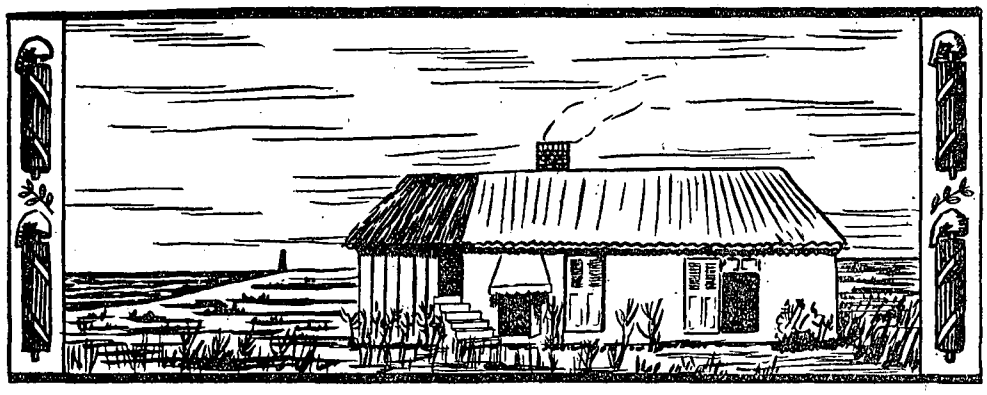
The creator of Sherlock Holmes does, however, admit that many psychical phenomena are vain and foolish, taken by themselves, 'but,' he continues, 'they have a definite object for which they are well adapted, and which, in fact, they have attained. That object is to attract attention and to show the existence of an invisible and apparently intelligent force.'

The messages emanating from this force are, he contends, the most important event in the history of the world. 'They constitute the first definite, authentic, detailed news as to the fate which has been reserved for all of us.'

To that fate Conan Doyle looks forward with positive enthusiasm and he closes his letter by describing how he converted an old man of eighty to Spiritualism.

'He used to come to our meetings and speak,' writes Sir Arthur. 'When he was eighty-three, he said from the platform, "I am three years old, and there"—pointing to me—"is my father." Soon he died in great peace. After he had lain rigid for some minutes, and all thought that life had gone, he opened his mouth and cried in a loud voice, "God bless Conan Doyle." Then he returned into death. That cry from the grave was one of the rewards which have come to me as ample payment for my work.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Interviewing Clemenceau

An Argentine Journalist Uses a New Trick to Make His Way into the Tiger's Cage

By Juan José de Soiza Reilly

Translated from *Caras y Caretas*, Buenos Aires General Weekly

ONE OF THE brilliant editors of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, M. de Falgairolles, called on me last night to question me in connection with an article he is writing for his periodical.

'Do you believe that the art of interviewing famous people is easy?'

'I am not sure that it is easy; I do not know whether it is hard. I am certain, however, that it is an art. To-day, for instance, I spent two hours with Georges Clemenceau.'

'So you have conquered the "Tiger"!'

I did not feel that I had conquered anyone, much less Clemenceau, who has mastered all the tricks of the journalist's trade. If I had conquered anything, it had been the difficulties that crop up in the journalist's daily work. I know that in Paris to interview Georges Clemenceau is considered as great an adventure as the *Odyssey* itself. To try to see him in his home is like getting into a fight with the corner policeman. And to photograph him, to prod him into unbosoming his thoughts is as easy as getting a hug out of the Venus de Milo.

NEVERTHELESS, an autograph and photographs are considered absolutely essential in proving the authenticity of such an interview. Besides, obtaining them helps one to understand the character of great men. Most famous persons who allow themselves to be photo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graphed in several poses and give you their autographs already feel that they know you, and are more likely to talk freely.

But Clemenceau hates journalists. This is the way I explain that hatred. In the periods when he has been disillusioned, ostracized, and poor, Clemenceau has always had to live by writing for the newspapers. Each time that he has been routed in political battle, he has been racked with poverty and has taken refuge in writing at space rates for the daily papers. After the Panama scandal, he was left destitute, mainly on account of the slander of a man named Norton who produced falsified documents to prove that Clemenceau had sold his pen to England, to the detriment of France. Suddenly impoverished, he shut himself up with his own newspaper, the *Justice*, getting out the paper almost by himself from the editorial page to the personal news columns. It is because of these experiences that he hates journalists.

One day while he was Premier, a reporter confronted him as he came out of his house.

'Is there any truth, M. Clemenceau, in what the newspapers are saying about your connection with the Panama scandal?'

Clemenceau, with his violent, ironic frankness, retorted:—

'What! You are a reporter, and yet you ask me whether what the newspapers say is true? Don't you know that the newspapers never tell the truth?'

DO NOT forget the interview with Clemenceau.—Alonso.

This cablegram from the editor of *Caras y Caretas* had been lying on my desk for several days, shouting at me like a military command. I realized how much interest there is in Georges Clemenceau in Argentina. His genius is fully appreciated. There are some who hate him on account of his part in the War, but everyone admires him as a man. Clemenceau is like a Shakespearian play, always fresh. But how was I to reach him, since he received no one?

I decided to write him once more. I spoke of the enthusiasm with which his lectures in Buenos Aires had been received nineteen years ago. His remarks about the Argentine Parliament had made him famous. I spoke to him of his friends in Argentina. My answer was a note from his secretary, offering his excuses.

Paris, April 3, 1929

MONSIEUR,—

Monsieur Clemenceau thanks you for your kind letter, but begs you to pardon him for not giving you the interview for which you ask. He is extremely tired and is just about to leave for his home in the Vendée. Besides, he makes it a practice to refuse all requests for interviews.

He asks me to express to you his best wishes.

M. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I read the letter twice. And I heard the cablegram from the editor screaming at me from my desk:—

'*Do not forget the interview with Clemenceau.—Alonso.*'

I decided to burn my next-to-last boat. Among Parisians I had heard a good deal of praise of Doctor Marcelo T. de Alvear. Our gentlemanly Ex-President is so well liked in France that he is on the way to becoming a sort of permanent ambassador from Argentina. I asked him to be kind enough to give me a letter of introduction to Clemenceau. He answered:—

Paris, April 9, 1929
40, rue François I

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I have your recent letter, which I am answering late because I have been away from Paris for several days.

I am extremely sorry that I cannot do what you ask. I have made it a general rule not to bother French statesmen unless I have become personally intimate with them. Also, it is well known that Clemenceau leads a completely retired life and is inaccessible to anyone outside a small group of intimate friends.

Trusting to have the pleasure of seeing you shortly, I am, etc.,

M. T. DE ALVEAR.

What was I to do? I decided to burn my last boat. I would get in with a skeleton key. I wrote Clemenceau a note in French which read:—

'My real purpose in desiring to see you is not, of course, to obtain an interview. In South America we know your career so thoroughly and have such admiration for your principles that your ideas are already our own. The reason I wish to call upon you is to be able to give to the public a literary impression of the charm of your old age. *Furthermore, I want to tell you personally of the statue which is about to be set up in your honor in the Palermo Gardens.*'

Two hours later I received a note in reply.

Paris, April 12, 1929.

MONSIEUR,—

Monsieur Clemenceau asks me to tell you that he will receive you on Monday morning at about eleven.

Respectfully yours,

M. B.

'COME in, my friend. Come over here and sit down. Tell me of that statue. I knew nothing about it.'

Eighty-eight years old, strong and vigorous, he was dressed in a cutaway and wore slippers and gloves. (He always wears gloves. He even goes so far as to eat with gloves on, presumably to hide some skin defect.) A nightcap which was almost like a Phrygian cap sat on his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

splendid head. Moustaches like those of a seal drooped down over his lips. When he smiled, those bushy moustaches rose and he showed teeth like a bulldog's. In parliamentary speeches those false teeth had made the Chamber tremble—as well as all France and foreign countries. His bushy eyebrows helped to give him a startling resemblance to a tiger.

I suspect that a good deal of his appearance is designed for theatrical effect. His life has been spent in promoting Republican ideas, sowing them in the wind; and he had to wear a ferocious mask to suit the violence of his speeches. He is more of a man-eater than the tiger itself, and he has the tiger's growl. Apparently he has pretended to be a wild beast for so long that he has ended by actually becoming one. The monster's mask which the little child wore in Victor Hugo's story ended by turning the child's angelic features into the ferocious muzzle of a wild animal. At bottom, however, there was always the child. And, in Clemenceau's case, the child is in his eyes. They are bright little eyes, greenish blue, mild and kind. The eyes of a poet. The eyes of a dreamer, whose tenderness is in strange opposition to the fierce moustaches and the bushy eyebrows. Clemenceau's eyes exemplify the contrast between his violent, turbulent life, and the kindliness with which he approaches works of art or schools of philosophy. Only his vigor enables one to recognize in the terrible organizer of victory the author of two philosophical volumes and a gentle book on the painter, Claude Monet.

TELL me about my statue. It interests me greatly. Who did it? Where is it going to be placed?'

I made up an imaginary description of the statue. Since it does not exist, I was able to set it up wherever I wished, and chose Palermo. Clemenceau exclaimed aloud, as if he were talking to himself:—

'Not bad! Not bad! I know Palermo. I went there with my late lamented friend, the great Manuel Láinez.'

His eyes danced with happiness.

When I saw him so pleased, my conscience began to prick me. Should I tell him the truth? Immediately I decided not to. I thought of what Anatole France had said:—

'Would to God that there were more golden lies in the world than those which poetry, religion, and nature give us. Then we should all remain children until we die.'

I had let into the old man's life a stray ray of sunshine. I had given him an illusion at an age when most illusions have been crushed as flat as coins on a trolley track. And, for that matter, did not the statue which I had constructed out of my imagination actually exist in the mind of every Frenchman and every Argentine who admired the ability, the character, the patriotism, and the artistic and philosophic ideas of that marvelous old man?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WAS praising Clemenceau for his combativeness. I reminded him of his activity in behalf of Dreyfus and of his disputes with Jaurès. (Jaurès believed in collective action by means of socialistic organization; Clemenceau believed that no action was possible without some change in the individual—'An individual can become a god but a crowd is always a herd of cattle.')

'How do you manage to keep yourself in such a bad humor in political life?' I asked him.

He was pleased at the question.

'Candidly,' he said, 'it is by remembering what my father suffered. When I am in a dispute, whenever I feel my faith in Republican ideas and democratic principles weakening, I think of him. That memory is enough. I am immediately changed. I become someone else. I become he.

'My father, Benjamin Clemenceau, was a doctor, as I was much later. One fine day, he became so deeply affected by all the human suffering he saw that sadness overcame him. He shut up his office in Mouilleron-en-Pareds and went off to Nantes with my mother and all their children. He planned to dedicate himself to farming, and to the cultivation of Republican ideas. You can imagine the situation of a Republican in the imperialistic France of 1854, under that little Napoleon III who had just dissolved the Assembly, crowned himself Emperor, and was deporting to Argelia all those who did not agree with his ideas, which meant all those who refused to grovel at his feet.

'In Plançon's bookshop in Nantes a little group of intellectuals used to meet and talk together. Among them was my father. One night the police came and arrested him simply because, in private conversation, he had maintained that a Republican democracy was the only hope for France. They decided to deport him to Africa. The day that they took him away to Marseille, standing between two murderers in the prison van, I went with my mother to say good-bye to him. I was thirteen or fourteen. I saw my mother crying. I saw father, behind the bars of the van, chained and handcuffed, condemned without trial. None of his intimate friends was there. They had all been afraid to come to say good-bye and had hidden instead. Cowards! From that moment, I knew the difference between true friendship and false. Friendship can be golden, but no wonder it is so difficult to find. From that day forward I began to growl, and I kept on growling. When the van was about to leave, I came up close to the bars. I said to my father: "I will avenge you!"

'My father, who was a painter and poet, as well as a great man, was deeply affected, and kissed the hands that I stretched out to him through the bars. Then he said sternly:—

' "If you want to avenge me, study hard, and work!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'I studied. I worked to avenge him. I am eighty-eight years old. I hope to have twelve more years in which to defend my father's faith!'

DO YOU see these papers? That is the manuscript of my memoirs. I did not plan to write them so soon, but circumstances have forced me to do so. I must defend myself. They are attacking me even from beyond the grave.'

Clemenceau was referring to the famous *Mémorial de Foch*, the ranting book in which Raymond Recouly, the political editor of the *Revue de France*, has presented Marshal Foch's accusation that Clemenceau made an armistice and a peace which, instead of assuring France's defense, have harmed her interests. The great general's words, coming from beyond the grave, wounded Clemenceau deeply and persuaded him to defend himself in a book of his own.

'Foch was a great general,' exclaimed Clemenceau. 'He was the greatest of all the generals in the World War. But, like all military commanders, he thought that he was also a great politician and a great diplomat.

'He exerted every effort to have some part in the drawing up of the peace treaties; to press the militarist's point of view in our meetings at Versailles; to send the Allied Armies Heaven knows how far into Germany in order to assure reparation payments and future security. Bah! Perhaps reparation payments are not assured, even in view of the work that the Conference of Paris has accomplished. Perhaps we shall not have security either, or, rather, we shall owe our security to the fact that the German people no longer desire war, in spite of Russian influence. But these are the things that I am going to take up in my book. I get up at four in the morning and write until ten. There are so many things to say and so many proofs to assemble. Generals are invaluable in time of war, but in peace-time they complicate political problems. You cannot draw up a treaty of peace or an armistice in the same way that you lay out a battle plan. In war, the spirit of killing is in the air. In peace, it is nonsense to attempt to annihilate one's opponent. When victory has been gained, when the enemy is routed and surrenders to you, the logical thing to do is to take advantage of him, not by military means, but by letting him live. What is the point in killing by military methods the goose that lays the golden eggs?

'We had a good many obstacles to overcome after the Armistice. I once said to Foch: "It is easy to give military orders and to have them blindly obeyed, because the commander has disciplinary control over the men under him. But at Versailles I have to argue with the heads of the Allied nations, each one of whom is the representative of his government."

'It was for saying this that Foch called me a revolutionist.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REVOLUTIONIST, yes, that was what Foch called him! But, as a matter of fact, the struggle between Clemenceau and Foch was less a disagreement in principle than an opposition of two temperaments which had in common only a love of France and a desire to serve her as well as possible. And there was one other thing which separated the two men—their religious beliefs.

'Foch was a mystic,' concluded Clemenceau.

CLEMENCEAU questioned me concerning South American literature.

'You have a good many talented writers down there. I have always been sorry that I do not read Spanish. Are they still imitating Victor Hugo, Samain, and Anatole France?'

I complained that many French writers appeared to be unaware of the literary existence of South America. Clemenceau became suddenly vociferous. The tiger appeared in the flower garden.

'What you say is idiotic! It is your own fault. *Parbleu!* You live on North America and on Europe. What have we to teach you? Do you think you will learn the art of war from us? You have your own revolutions already. They are better, and more spontaneous. Be South Americans for once! Don't imitate others! Civilize what you already have. You have plenty of cultural wealth at home. Don't turn to second-hand civilizations. You peoples of the Western Hemisphere are amazingly youthful. You should use and abuse the right to be twenty years old!

'When I was a boy I enjoyed being among new peoples. After I had lived in North America, I thought of going to Argentina and setting up as a doctor. But Fate deflected me . . .'

He told me how, when he had received his doctor's degree in 1867, he had become discontented with the French monarchy and had gone off to England. In London he became enamored of the positivist philosophy and translated into French Stuart Mill's *August Comte and Positivism*.

'Comte's ideas saved me from the danger of becoming a dreamer,' he said.

WHILE he was talking he gave me an autograph and posed several times for photographs. He was by turns irritated and laughing. He joked with my photographer. He sneezed violently, and then said to the photographer, who was trying to get him into focus:—

'Take a picture of the sneeze. People will think it is a photograph of Wagner.'

Clemenceau lives in his old house at No. 8, rue Franklin, on the lower floor in the rear. The front rooms are occupied by a doctor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Around the corner is the cemetery of Passy, where Maria Bashkirtseff sleeps in her sumptuous, pagoda-like mausoleum.

Clemenceau lives alone. His sons and his grandchildren have left him. His contemporaries all went to Heaven long ago. His adversaries and his colleagues have both fallen, but he goes brilliantly on at eighty-eight. It is like one of Napoleon's regiments on the retreat from Russia, dwindling as it moves back toward France. One trooper falls here, another there. Finally there is only one left of the whole regiment.

WHEN he shook hands with me to say good-bye, he held his shoulder in pain.

'It is nothing,' he said. 'It will pass. It is just the old wound . . .'

He was referring to the bullet with which a Communist named Cottin shot him in the lung on February 19th, 1919. Of nine shots, only one struck home.

'Only one bullet got me,' added Clemenceau. 'I didn't die. That was lucky for the poor wretch. The idiot! They condemned him to be guillotined. I signed his pardon myself.

'Well, good-bye. And don't come to see me again.'

REMINDER

By GERALD GOULD

From *The Saturday Review*, London

WEST is the wind?—It brings me
The smell of mortal air.
East is the wind?—It sings me
The country song of care.

O wind of double sorrows,
How soon your task shall be
To blow my dust where morrows
Will know no more of me!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Duke *of* Norfolk Comes *of* Age

The Heir of the Foremost Family in England Comes into His Own

By Arnold Höllriegel

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

ON THE EVENING when the election returns were being announced, I could have been in Trafalgar Square among the hundreds of thousands of excited people who crowded in front of the electric bulletin board, or in one of the great shops of London, where mannequins promenaded between announcements, or in the grillroom of the Savoy Hotel, where the cream of society gradually soured as the fortunes of the Conservatives declined. Instead, I stood that evening on the wind-swept summit of a hill in the south of England.

During the afternoon I had watched the Catholic Corpus Christi procession winding through the courtyard of the Castle of Arundel in Sussex County. It was a rural procession composed of school children, nuns, and young girls clad in white. I shall never forget the feudal grandeur of that immense courtyard, where thousands upon thousands of windows, gates, battlements, balconies, towers, and gables all faced the smooth lawn in the center. In the middle, in front of a richly decorated altar, was the bishop's canopy. The bearer of one of its four poles was a charming young man, slender, spruce, and slightly embarrassed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under the inspection of all the windows and towers and human eyes. The young man was the foremost member of the English nobility—His Highness, the Duke of Norfolk.

So many bells were ringing that they made the beautiful little old town vibrate, and the peals seemed to be coming from all the tree tops in the castle park. As the procession advanced toward the altar the young Duke lowered his handsome, boyish head. I looked at him closely and chanted his long title slowly to myself: the sixteenth Duke of Norfolk, Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, Earl of Arundel, Baron Maltravers, Earl of Surrey, Baron Fitzalan, Clun, and Oswaldestre, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal and Chief Butler of England, Premier Duke and Earl.

This was his twenty-first birthday, the occasion of his coming of age. On this day the appealing youth assumed the right to administer the immeasurable fortune of the House of Howard, and became master of castles and palaces and of considerable portions of land in the city of London including, I fear, a few miserable, poverty-stricken districts. Somewhere behind the Gothic windows of the castle the famous gold plate of the Howards was being polished for the great banquet. This gold service weighs a ton and is worth forty thousand pounds. The bells rang out clearly in the glorious sunshine. I saw beautiful girls, daughters of Mary in white garments, praying there for all to see. The young master, who is the most desirable bachelor in England, passed slowly through their white-robed ranks as they knelt in prayer.

ONLY an eyewitness can believe that such a place as Arundel on the birthday of the Duke of Norfolk really exists. It is a wee nest of some two thousand inhabitants and is so ancient that Alfred the Great saw a few of its stones already in place. The Howard family migrated to this spot quite recently, that is to say, about four hundred years ago, and were assimilated by marriage into the noble family of Fitzalan. It is conceivable that, at the midnight hour, various bygone Dukes of Norfolk immortalized by Holbein, Van Dyck, or Reynolds step out of their ancestral frames and wander about in the old castle through its hundreds of rooms, halls, and galleries. And certainly the Howard who went to the scaffold for love of Mary Stuart is not the only headless ghost who flits about. Even by day these spirits haunt the place. There are echoes in the corridors and in dim nooks, and a musty breath of mediæval gloom pervades these ancient and romantic walls.

The town of Arundel on the Arun River is itself hoary with age, and it puffs and pants, bent by the years, up the steep castle hill. Looking down from above one sees pointed gables gaily decked with ribbons and banners. Surely so many flags, banners, and oriflammes have never before been gathered together in one tiny spot. Proprietors of shops

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have written 'God Bless Our Duke' on the panes of their small display windows. In some places there is a simple 'May You Live Long.' At a spot on the castle wall opposite the powerful Catholic church of Saint Philip Neri, built by the father of the present Duke, there are glittering golden letters, 'God Bless the Pope.' Near by hangs an election placard with an appeal to Conservatives, 'Reëlect Courtauld.' This serves to remind one that it is election day, but no one else in Arundel appears to be conscious of the fact. (Incidentally, when the votes are counted later, the Conservative candidate has won, but the Socialist vote shows a heavy increase.)

WHAT a splendid celebration! To-day there is the procession, followed by a family banquet in the evening, and afterward the blazing birthday pyre. To-morrow, in the town square, the mayor of Arundel will present to the Duke a gift from the townspeople—a large cigarette box of solid gold, with the ducal arms and the motto, '*Sola virtus invicta*,' engraved on the cover. That evening there will be a great festal banquet for two hundred people in the ancestral hall. The next day a popular feast for five thousand guests from the neighborhood will be held in the castle park. The regiment in which the Duke holds the commission of lieutenant, the Royal Blue Horse Guards, will furnish military music for the pleasure of the crowds. The wee town is simply beside itself with loyalty and the enchantment of the day. Occasionally a person here and there goes with unobtrusive haste to the election urn and votes the Socialist ticket.

In the evening I stand on top of the castle hill. It is not a very high hill, but it is the highest in the vicinity. Until total darkness falls, the sea is still visible in the distance and when the daylight finally fails, a wonderfully serene landscape passes with it out of sight. How lovely it is this spring in England! The blackthorn and hawthorn are still blooming, but the foliage is that of summer.

On the grassy heights of the castle's citadel men have been busy for a week piling up what is surely the highest bonfire ever built in the history of the world. It is thirty feet high and is made of thousands and thousands of bundles of fagots. One of the picturesque highways of southern England comes nearly to the top of the hill and a sort of improvised roadway permits automobiles to reach the summit. And automobiles have come from all England, I believe, hundreds and thousands of them, giant auto buses from London and the great ocean resorts of the southern coast, and pedestrians and bicyclists, too. At one time there are fifty thousand people on the height. But there is no crowding, no thronging about the pyre; everything is spacious and free. Somewhere in the background an automobile carries a loud speaker that broadcasts phonograph music to which young people are dancing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although everyone is in a merry mood, there is no roughness. The spirit of the crowd is that of Christmas Eve. For a time I keep well to the front in the circle about the pyre, and observe the Duke arriving in his car with his mother and his uncle. The people cheer him jovially to the irreverent strains of 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' The young Duke Bernard Marmaduke takes a giant torch and kindles the fire which is to blaze in his honor. In the sudden glow I see clearly his laughing, clean-cut, boyish face. He is a true fairy-tale prince. Sometimes he wears horn-rimmed spectacles and looks like Harold Lloyd, but not now. His eyes sparkle without the aid of glasses. Fine fellow, 'nice boy,' as the English say.

With a roar of thunder twenty-one rockets are set off, enormous birthday candles for the Duke. The bonfire, previously soaked with kerosene, flames up brilliantly. It will be visible for fifty miles over the countryside. I have chosen a particularly good vantage point from which to watch it, quite far away on the edge of a thicket, under blossoming bushes. A few superfluous bundles of fagots which have been tossed here make excellent seats. The smoke and sparks from the fire are flying in the other direction and here in my nook it is fragrant with the smell of hay and the summer night. It is pleasing to watch the incredibly beautiful play of the flames and the fairy-like lights of thousands of automobiles over on the slope of the hill. A vague, not unpleasing noise from the throats of the thrilled, joyous crowd is borne along with the sparks. The people in the shadow near me are very quiet. Because of this I feel an affection for them.

SITTING here peacefully, I stare into the leaping blaze and meditate upon the Duke of Norfolk and likewise upon Trafalgar Square, where, at this very hour, the election returns are doubtless being announced. I wonder whose victory is being celebrated by this fire of joy, lighted by the hand of the first peer of England's old feudal nobility. I cannot answer, but inwardly I feel quite certain: the gods love paradoxes. It amuses me to fancy that the feudal England of ancient times is perhaps crumbling like the bonfire in the heat of this joyous blaze, the most tremendous fire of its kind in England's history.

I trace pictures in the fire as if I were looking into an old English fireplace. I see the Howards of Arundel, the Howards who were in the country before the Norman Invasion, the Howards who were blood kin to the Plantagenets. What a wealth of history, what a chain of adventures have filled the centuries leading up to the advent of this shy young man with his horn-rimmed spectacles! I remember countless anecdotes that are told about the Dukes of Norfolk and one especially comes back to me as I gaze into the depths of the flames: the young Bernard Marmaduke became Sixteenth Duke of Norfolk because an older brother, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son of his father's first wife, died long before the present Duke's birth. As the older brother lay desperately ill, Duchess Flora, his mother, made a pilgrimage to Lourdes to supplicate for him. When she came near the holy fountain she heard peasants on a pilgrimage singing a pious song. They sang, 'The Lord hath filled the hungry with good things but the rich he hath sent empty away.' The Duchess began to cry hopelessly. She said to her companion, 'My plea will not be granted.' Her son died shortly thereafter.

I reflect that the inhabitants of Arundel are standing now in the shadow of the ancient towers, looking at this mammoth fire of joy. The cries of loyal farmers and tenants must be shaking the walls that Alfred the Great once saw. I should like to know whether all the vassals of the young Duke are in such a gay mood to-day, whether his tenants in certain slums of London are making merry. A fortune of ten million pounds is now not so much a fortune as a catastrophe. What might not happen in the soul of a young man who suddenly realizes some day, or perhaps some sleepless night, what it means to be the heir of the Howards and to have the burden of this gigantic responsibility, even in this modern world of horn-rimmed spectacles and movements for social uplift?

The blaze gradually dies down. Seven thousand automobiles, more or less, take their leave. The torchlight procession is a striking sight. In all the confusion someone has received tidings from Brighton which spreads rapidly through the crowd: the Labor Party has won. . . . I hear a young maiden murmur, 'He has wonderful eyes,' as my car passes hers. She will undoubtedly dream of the young Duke to-night. But during the day she probably voted, like most of the young people of England, for Ramsay MacDonald.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religious Hypnotism *in* Berlin

By Wolfgang von Weisl

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Daily

WE LIVE IN AN AGE of contrasts. Millions of people no longer believe in God, but they have the firmest faith in statistics, while there are millions more from Konnersreuth to Chicago and Calcutta who have been led by mysterious and magical experiences to believe in miracles.

These two groups of people are utter strangers to one another. They live in separate worlds and rarely find themselves on common ground. New religions have been able to produce miraculous occurrences that many of us know nothing about. Modern Berlin is a case in point, for here in the intellectual centre of the new Europe a new church has been established which is attracting more and more followers every day. It is the Church of Joseph Weissenberg, the holy hypnotist of the Gleimstrasse. His believers are numbered by the thousands and his sect, which is known as the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, According to the Gospel of St. John, is divided into thirty-nine regular parishes. Two weekly publications spread the message of the leader of this cult, whose entire hold over his followers is based on miracles which Weissenberg himself and his pupils perform every day, at least in the opinion of his disciples. These miracles have been observed and noted down and any man can see, hear, and feel them. It is a religion of practical magic, if such an expression may be used to distinguish it from all other mystical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sects. It is a religion that conjures up spirits and exorcises devils, and its headquarters are here in Berlin.

ON THE 20th of April at 11:00 P.M. England will be destroyed by floods.'

'On the 13th of July pestilence will break out in Germany. Many will fall victim to it and will die in a few minutes, but no follower of Weissenberg will be afflicted.'

'England has only a few more weeks in which to repent and then her collapse will surely come if she still refuses to be converted.'

'In the autumn the new world war will break out and on the German side there will be only a few dead and wounded, but the corpses of the enemy will rise like mountains.'

These are some of the prophecies made by the Holy Spirit at 58 Gleimstrasse, and the normal European who hears them cannot help scratching his head and asking if such things are possible and wondering how such madness can be believed.

The answer is not to be found in the realm of logic but in the realm of magic. The reason why Weissenberg wields a magical power over his followers is that he promises them the two most important things in the world—health and security. He promises them security against that which fills all men's souls with terror, the fear of what befalls a man after he dies.

After death—'You will see what happens after death,' says Weissenberg to his believers, and they do see. It is no longer a matter of belief. It is a matter of having seen with their own eyes.

His sect represents the triumph of Spiritualism over religion, but fundamentally his spiritual activities and his religion are the same, for Weissenberg's kingdom is 'not of this world,' but of the spirit world and of the world of those who see spirits.

TWENTY-FIVE miles south of Berlin, the wooded Glau hills rise from the sand of the marches of Brandenburg. At the foot of these hills lies a little reedy pond, the excursion spot, Blankensee. Halfway between the pond and the hills is a little settlement with a single inn; this is Waldfrieden, Weissenberg's religious centre, and every Sunday morning at nine he holds a service here.

A big hall has been built adjoining the local beer tavern. It serves as a church and is already crowded with people. We take our places near the stenographer's bench, where a young lady secretary is engaged in the holy duty of writing down every word that is uttered. Splendidly sharpened pencils lie beside her.

Weissenberg appears, walks up to the altar and greets the congregation with the words, '*Gott zum Gruss*' ['Greetings in the name of the Lord'].

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'*Gott zum Gruss*,' the congregation replies to its 'Divine Master.' This is his title, although he himself has never led them to look upon him as divine or as a physical manifestation of the Holy Ghost. However, he accepts what they call him and does not deny this designation.

The master speaks in a harsh, jerky voice. He is a short, well-built man with a red face, a white moustache, and a fleshy nose. Under his bushy white brow are a pair of unusually deep-set eyes of grayish blue. Like all other official members of his cult, the master wears stitches of red, white, and black in the lapel of his coat. They are the symbol of his church.

The congregation sings a hymn out of the hymnal. It has ten eight-line stanzas. Three hundred voices join in raising this monotonous song. Even I begin to feel as if some powerful fluid were spreading through the hall. It increases as the singing echoes and reëchoes in my ears. The woman who is sitting beside Weissenberg begins to quiver and groan.

She sticks her feet out in front of her, throws back her head, and breathes deeply. Then she falls into a trance. (Let me make myself clear. I am only describing what I saw and am not attempting to say whether the phenomena were real or not. The trance into which Frau Müller, the lady sitting beside Weissenberg, fell, may have been real or not, for any one who has seen a real trance can easily imitate one.)

The singing at last comes to an end. Weissenberg arises and leads Frau Müller to the altar. He has her face the congregation and takes her big Bible in his left hand, while with his right hand he grasps one hand of the medium, or the 'instrument,' as his followers call her.

'Greetings to the Lord, Prince Otto von Bismarck, Chancellor of Germany and now chancellor in the spirit world,' says the master to the medium, and she replies, 'Greetings in the name of the Lord.'

A tremor runs through the woman's body as Weissenberg says to the chancellor of the spirit world, 'Now speak the truth to us through this human mouth.'

The medium, her eyes shut, supports herself with her free hand on the back of the chairs in front of her, while with the other hand she presses to her heart the Bible that the master had held, and through the mouth of this 'instrument' Otto von Bismarck speaks to the German people.

I ASK myself whether I am sleeping or waking. I have frequently witnessed spiritualist séances where emperors or princes of high degree appeared to a group of people sitting round a table in a dim light with their hair on end, their hands moist with sweat, and their bodies shuddering, but what I saw here I have never seen before and never believed to be possible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A stout, personable woman, standing before an altar, is speaking on a bright May morning to hundreds of people in the voice of Prince Bismarck. I observe the faces of the congregation. I notice how all their eyes are riveted on the mouth of the 'instrument.' The crowd is silent. No one moves; only the secretary keeps writing down all the words that the spirit of Bismarck utters.

I ask myself what any other man in my place would ask: Why does no one here realize that the master simply directs Prince Bismarck to speak? Why doesn't it occur to them to wonder why Prince von Bismarck and not old Blücher should speak through the mouth of the 'instrument'? Why do people believe so blindly? I soon was given an answer. While this monotonous rain of words was falling from the mouth of the 'instrument,' an electric current suddenly began running through the crowd. First close beside me, then at the other end of the hall and then in the middle, women began falling into trances, into real trances, not imitation ones. They call this 'making connections with the spirit world.'

Weissenberg had been ready for this to break out and had been anxiously looking to his right and left. When someone had made connections, he would hasten to that person and touch his forehead, pass his hand over his face and blow upon it. The medium would then come to life after a series of constricted coughs, and the spirit would speak through his mouth.

The spirit of Bismarck was not the only one to appear. Many other spirits got a chance to manifest themselves, but over all of them Weissenberg, the Divine Master, had power. Not only did he himself see these spirits, not only did the mediums see them, but others in the congregation also saw and heard them. That is the essence of Weissenberg's power: whatever he sees, his believers see. They see with their own eyes; they hear with their own ears; and they cannot fail to believe what they have actually seen and heard.

AFTER this first experience in Waldfrieden, I saw a much larger gathering of Joseph Weissenberg's followers in Berlin at the Haverlandt Auditorium, where the master holds services every Thursday evening at eight o'clock.

Every last place in the big auditorium is taken and more than nine hundred people are present. On the stage where, early in May, I heard Communistic speakers indulge in flaming oratory during a general strike, a brass band is now sitting with trombones and trumpets. Beneath it is the speaker's pulpit and to his left a massed choir of thirty voices. In front of the pulpit sit nine men and nine women on chairs. All of them are 'instruments,' or mediums, through whose mouths spirits will speak to the congregation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All eyes burn with ecstasy. Everyone breathes deeply, while here and there ten, then twenty frenzied creatures leap to their feet possessed by spirits and greet their Divine Master. Some stretch out their arms to him, others throw back their heads and keep their arms at their sides. One medium, a woman, executes a military salute. Apparently the spirit of some former warrior wishes to pay homage to the master.

Neither the form nor the content of these speeches seems to me significant, although, as might be expected, the believers are convinced the voices of the famous witnesses vary according to who is speaking. But, for my part, I got no such impression. For a short time the voices of the mediums would sound unnatural, but only for a few minutes. One woman spoke in a forced bass voice to represent King David and kept it up for five minutes but then relapsed into her usual high-pitched tones, and I noticed the same reversion in all the other 'instruments' without exception.

IT IS quite different here from the little church in Waldfrieden where about ten people fell into a trance. Forty or fifty of the nine hundred worshipers made connections with the spirit world, not once but three or four times each. The master was ever on the lookout. He hastened here and there, first to a man, then to a woman, then to a young girl, and even to a child—to anyone who became possessed. He would quickly stroke their faces, blow upon their eyes, and then move his hand over their faces to summon out the spirit, murmuring all the time.

No sooner would he have recalled to consciousness one woman who had made connections with the spirit world than another somewhere else would fall into a trance.

From all parts of the hall wracking, constricted coughs of men and women possessed by either the 'Black Spirit' or 'friendly spirits' arose. The noise kept growing wilder. While King David was speaking in one place, a woman in the back row shouted out, 'I am Saul, I am Saul,' and struggled to where King David stood with her eyes shut and her arms stretched out before her.

Soon afterward the master brought the meeting to a close. He was excited and apparently quite exhausted, but even then a girl fell into a trance and could not be awakened as she stamped and shouted. 'I will go out, I will go out!' while another possessed young woman kept saluting some invisible creature. Gradually the believers made their way out the door, throwing coppers into the collection plate as they went. I heard a woman behind me say to her husband, 'It was terrible to-day. So many black spirits were in the hall, so many black spirits.'

'Yes,' said her husband, 'our Master must have had to work terribly hard to deal with them. So many evil spirits were here.'

Recently a druggist named Wernicke, one of the followers of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Master, Weissenberg, died as the result of blood poisoning from an infected boil. He refused to have the boil lanced, preferring to follow Weissenberg's prescription of a diet of milk, cheese, and buttermilk. Weissenberg disclaims all responsibility for the death of his follower. He says that Wernicke did not ask him for advice, nor did Weissenberg or his wife treat the man or prescribe any cure for him. The druggist, therefore, must have died on his own responsibility. The case has created great excitement, and it seems appropriate at this time to point out exactly what is happening among the adherents of this Weissenberg, who regards himself as the founder of a religion, and to investigate the problem that his activities present.

IT IS superfluous to state explicitly at this point that we do not consider Weissenberg a religious genius. To compare him to Therese Neumann of Konnersreuth would doubtless be an injustice to the girl, whose stigmata have not yet been fully explained. For one must look upon the woman of Konnersreuth as a sort of mystic genius, whether or not one regards her symptoms as genuine, while Weissenberg, even to charitable eyes, seems no more than a magician. A close rival of Indian medicine men and Hindu yogis, he is one of those dealers in magic of whom the Old Testament said, 'Thou shalt not permit them to remain among thee.' It is necessary to explain, parenthetically, that, although we have heard a great deal about the art of conjuring and the capacity to read the future or to heal disease at long distance, we have never actually witnessed any such manifestations. And, if we assume provisionally that Weissenberg possesses superpsychological or mediumistic powers, we form our hypothesis from the observation that smoke always implies fire. However, we refuse to admit that he is gifted as a true medium or that he is able to discover and develop other mediums.

In the magazine he publishes one finds Biblical quotations combined with absolutely nonsensical prophecies, without a single word or phrase that represents any new idea, except the one which applies to Weissenberg the words of John, 'He who shall come after Jesus to fulfill His word . . .' All these 'spirit' prophecies are utter nonsense and completely meaningless. It is therefore incredible that there can be so many people who have faith in Weissenberg, who hold him to be omniscient, who put a mysterious construction even on prophecies that fail of fulfillment, and who find truth and solace in the utterances of the 'spirit friends.' This constitutes the difficult feature of the situation, rather than the question of how many utterances and prophecies and miracles of healing are tricks and how many of them can be taken seriously.

It is useless to look for the solution of the puzzle on the surface of the situation, in the stupidity or superstition of the lower ranks of humanity. Weissenberg's listeners desire to find, to possess, to believe in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something that they have not been given elsewhere. They desire to experience at first hand the significance of life, hearing with their own ears and seeing with their own eyes instead of reading. For this reason, they flock to the man who introduces them to certainty, even though it be a false assurance. Above all, they seek certainty about one thing: what happens to man after death?

FROM the ancient Babylonian epic of Gilgamesh down to modern Spiritualism, this question has repeatedly harrowed the spiritual life of mankind. Gilgamesh undertook a journey to the underworld to find out how it was with the departed, and visited Urahn Ut Napishtim so that the latter could teach him how to elude death. This problem recurs among all peoples and in all religions, and pervades all existence. The Buddhist and the Soviet agitator are both constrained to shape an answer to this question before they can propagate their doctrines. But behind the curiosity as to human destiny after death there is something deeper than appears on the surface. It is the horror of the state of being dead—not of dying, but of what follows the process of dying. This fear has provided motive power to the founders of sects throughout the ages and it impels the Weissenberg agitation.

Every religion has striven to allay that horror. Every religion has promised its adherents one thing—certainty as to continuation of life after death and assurance of immortality. Immortality was the objective—magic the way to be trod and religion the method of bringing magic into harmony with ethics and morals. In the case of Weissenberg, it is a matter of simple magic when he conjures up spirits. Furthermore, his magic is very technical and of a low order, for only a few mediums are brought in contact with the spirits and can bear witness that they exist, while the majority of the gathering has no direct contact whatever with the spirits, but is forced to believe the few 'inspired' witnesses.

As long as the efficacy of belief in the miracles of the Bible is robust, as long as faith in their actuality is strong and pure, there is no sectarianism, doubt, nor discord in religion. Mankind knows what will happen after death and is secure, harmonious, and tranquil. But when faith in the miraculous begins to falter, life is shaken to its foundations. Humanity flees to astrologers, fortune tellers, and readers of cards in order to experience the miracles which can no longer be found in the religion of books.

This, in some measure, explains Weissenberg's success. It is easy enough to call for the police, but we are not really interested in this master of magic, nor in whether he has held orgies, nor in whether people have become crazier in his gatherings than they were before. What interests us is the intense yearning manifested by persons of great cities in the twentieth century—a longing which has now made its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public appearance for the first time in Berlin, although it has previously assumed dangerous forms in London and New York. Its presence proves that something essential to humanity is lacking in our modern culture and education, something which can probably be supplied only by religion.

THE CRUX of the matter is the dread of death. It is Weissenberg's own business if his methodology is frail, if his logic is like that of African medicine men (you see and hear spirits; therefore there are spirits; and because there are spirits, there must be a soul which goes on living after death; and because there is a soul, soul must be a universal phenomenon; therefore, you yourself will live after death. Q. E. D.). He gives his audiences what they long for and does not consider himself under obligation to give them more.

It is another matter, however, when he pretends that he wishes to found a new church. He and his adherents must be made to realize clearly that magnetic healing and clairvoyance, even if it be presumed that he is acquainted with them, are one thing and that the founding of a religion is quite another. Magic is not enough for the founding of a religion. On the contrary, all the founders of religions throughout history have had to prove the efficacy of their particular brands of magic in competition with other conjurors and magicians. Only the victorious philosophic force of an ascetic system of ethics creates movements which continue beyond the earthly life of its founder and pervade the centuries with a message of salvation and inspiration. Leaders who control mediumistic movements may establish schools and gather sympathizers, but they vanish after a few years just as Weissenberg himself will vanish and be forgotten even before he dies. For his immortality is not that of the Spirit but of spirits. And there is an enormous difference between the two.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Polish Interlude

Impressions of a Member of an Official British Commission

By J. B. Priestley

From *The Saturday Review*, London Weekly

POLAND may be said to have begun for us within hailing distance of Tower Bridge. There, distressingly small at first sight, lay our ship, of some two thousand odd tons, and she belonged to the Polish-British Steamship Company. Her interior was Polish and was decorated with notices in that mysterious language, which appears to have been invented merely in order to be foreign, as if for theatrical purposes. At the sight of our cabin our hearts sank. True, there were four berths in it, and only two of us, but what berths!—what a distance from fresh air!—what an atmosphere! We told one another that the voyage would only last three or four days, but there was a gloomy languor about our unpacking. In our dreams, as prospective guests of a Government, we had seen no such cabins as these, which had the air of being oubliettes in a cheese factory. But our spirits revived when we climbed to the deck and the oxygen heights again, and the Thames sparkled at us. It was, we pointed out, an adventure; and then we prowled about the decks and secretly took stock of the other members of the party, who were busy taking stock of us and vainly imagining they were doing it secretly. By the time the ship passed under Tower Bridge, we were all convinced we detested one another.

Long before we left the Thames Estuary, however, we were all friends. This was because we had all marched into a foreign country together. We did this at dinner time. This was when Poland really began, when we were all seated round the dining table, with the large, smiling captain at the head of it; and the stewards, Poles to the last astonishing consonant, set before us colossal stacks of *hors d'œuvres* and liqueur glasses filled with neat whiskey. In Poland, you begin a meal by tossing off a few little glasses of neat spirits, and the stewards imagined that we should prefer whiskey. I may say that the nearer we drew to Poland, the more mountainous these *hors d'œuvres* became and the wilder the choice of spirits. These stewards had a passion for opening bottles and filling glasses. Long before we reached the Baltic coast, I noticed the Professor complacently drinking cherry brandy with his sardines and eggs, and such gentlemen as Trade Papers and Economic Expert could be seen swigging vodka like Dostoevski characters. All

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these countries round the Baltic seem to have adopted the same principle in dining, which is to fill you up, leaving you either dazed or hilarious, before you have even reached the soup. The remaining courses you eat in a vague dream of conviviality.

The next day, Saturday, remains in my memory as a day of bitter strife, my opponent being the Polish Cigar, which had made its appearance, out of sinisterly brilliant boxes, late the night before. As a cigar, the Polish has its charms. Given the Thames Estuary, the Kiel Canal, or any other calm stretch of water, the Polish Cigar is a welcome companion, a friend. But on that Saturday we were crossing the North Sea; it was very cold and rough; and the boat, lightly loaded, pitched abominably. I always call myself a fairly good sailor, and so I am under ordinary conditions; but I had never sailed before with the Polish Cigar. No matter what corner of the three decks I found, there, within a few minutes, Trade Papers would arrive, bringing with him the Polish Cigar in full blast. Three of us, a faint smile on our green faces, tried to make out a sort of handicap list of our opponents, beginning with the whiff that floated out of the galley from time to time. Even while we were doing this, the heavy tread of Trade Papers was heard, bringing with it the inevitable blue cloud, and we groaned in chorus: 'The Polish Cigar—game and set!' and reeled away.

The first thing we heard, the next morning, was the blare of a band and some cheering. We looked out and saw green banks on each side. We were in the Kiel Canal. The band and the cheers were from a passing boatload of German excursionists. We were all the morning ambling down this street of water; the sun came out; the Polish Cigar was tolerated, even welcomed; and now the voyage took on that spacious air which properly belongs to a journey by sea. Time broadened, allowing us to exchange long reminiscences of travel and the sudden confidences of the boat deck. The Baltic was merely a pleasing backcloth, against which we ate largely, told stories, and drank toasts. The stewards—especially the bullet-headed, smiling one with the gold tooth—opened bottles like mad. The captain, who had sailed the Black Sea for twenty-five years and seemed to have popped out of one of Chekhov's more cheerful stories, stroked his long, fair moustache and made jokes in the odds and ends of six languages. It would take pages and pages of artful sentences to capture the unique flavor of this expedition, its fantastic conviviality, its genial idiocy.

At last we found ourselves in the mouth of a river, and I was thrilled to learn that this was no other than the Vistula. After that, no matter in what part of Poland we were—and we travelled hundreds and hundreds of miles—wherever there was a river, it was the Vistula. There was no escaping that stream, sluggish though it seemed; you could go east one day, two hundred miles or so, then as far from your original

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

starting point toward the west the next day, but the Vistula went with you. Yet when I remember that first thrill, I forgive the Vistula its ubiquity. It brought us first to Danzig, a city that pleased me immensely, if only because it is full of curly buildings, Gothic vistas, old wood, and beer. Given a steady supply of English tobacco, I could write a book in Danzig.

Our first show place, however, was not Danzig but the neighboring port of Gdingen, where we were taken to the town hall in a body and solemnly addressed in several languages. We were then put into a bus, taken out and put into a tug, put into a bus again, and shown the docks. The Poles are very proud of Gdingen, and they have every right to be. Only a few years ago, it was nothing but a fishing village. Now it is a real port, to say nothing of its being a seaside resort, almost entirely filled with young men wearing comic hats. It has grown nearly as fast as those famous Klondike towns. It is growing now. All the officials we met there were extremely energetic, voluble, and proud, and I am sure they are all happy men. They are creating something, seeing the thing grow, and not hanging about, reading Spengler. It was good to see a port coming into existence, after seeing so many ports sinking into a decline. Even when those Poles insisted on my examining their methods of cleaning rice or storing tinned apricots (and it was one of those hot, tiring days), I still admired them.

They had put the same energy and exuberance into the official lunch they gave us, a lunch that offered one enough food and drink and speechifying for two or three wedding breakfasts and a conference. It ended about four, and then, pleased but dazed, we were put into a large launch or a small steamer, only to find that its saloon was crammed with more food and drink, the very sight of which sent us reeling back, affrighted. Dimly I remember that launch or steamer, that shadowy vessel, making its way back to Danzig, where an optimistic young man in a raincoat tried to explain to us something about the docks, little knowing that we were all moving about in the haziest of dreams. If you imagine from this that we were unappreciative visitors, you are wrong. The fact is, that when you have lunched until four on a hot day, after a morning's hard sight-seeing, and have drunk all the toasts proposed to you, it is almost impossible to give a coal shoot the attention it deserves, say, at about half past five. We were nothing but a party of somnambulists.

Early that same evening, we caught a train that was due to land us in Poznan (once Posen) in the small hours. It went roaring across an enormous plain, and then we shut out the night, told stories, sang songs, and did conjuring tricks with pennies. Curiously enough, none of us was sleepy by this time, though we all felt we had been up and awake for at least several days. It was rather like being back in the War

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again, or in the pleasant part of it. By eleven or so we began to feel hungry, and then discovered there was no dining car on the train. Something had been arranged, however, we were told, and quite suddenly, in the middle of the night, at some mysterious halt, that something happened. A number of white-coated men suddenly swarmed into the corridor of our coach, and they carried plates of steaming *wiener Schnitzel* and fried potatoes, bottles of beer and glasses, dishes of wild strawberries and cream, napkins and cutlery. There was our supper, done to a turn, miraculously arriving out of the unknown darkness. In a few minutes, not a white-coated man was to be seen, the train was rattling on again, and we were eating and drinking away, enjoying the strangest picnic. Could anything so pleasant ever happen to visitors to this country? I doubt it.

AT POZNAN, we stayed at an hotel that had been specially built for the exhibition. This hotel was a capital example of modern architecture, and the rooms were superbly comfortable. But something had gone wrong with the service. (May I add here that the Pole, like the Englishman, makes a bad waiter, from which you may argue the future greatness of Poland?) On the very first morning, after we had been traveling half the night, I could not discover any breakfast. It was one of those mornings when it is impossible to live, to come to terms at all with life, without breakfast. I rang bells, without anything happening; and finally descended into the entrance hall. There I was seized upon and promptly introduced to about ten smiling officials from the exhibition. They were excellent fellows, I could see that; they had clearly been waiting for us, in that entrance hall, for about an hour; it was a shame; but the fact remained that I wanted some breakfast. At last I found a room in which about six of our party were just finishing their coffee and rolls. They told me that there had once been talk of an omelette, but that as there were no signs of it ever arriving, they had contented themselves with coffee and rolls. I too ordered coffee and rolls. The others departed. I sat there, waiting for my coffee and rolls. Half an hour passed, not very pleasantly. Then a waiter entered, triumphantly, one huge smile. He was carrying the largest omelette I have ever seen, about two feet long and six inches broad, and this monster he proudly set down before me, on the bare table. An omelette had once been ordered; an omelette had now arrived. Ah!—the genial lunacy of those days.

The Polish National Exhibition at Poznan is nearly as large as Wembley, and far prettier. The Poles are proud of it, and I do not blame them. For a new country, still suffering from the effects of the War, that exhibition is a triumph. I met men who had worked, almost day and night, for two years or more, organizing it, and I admired

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. I did more than that; I walked miles and miles in their exhibition, passing places that offered one iced beer and shaded chairs without so much as a wistful glance. I looked at exhibits until I was dizzy, and some of them, more especially the peasant costumes, the wood carving, the drawings, I thought enchanting. What I would not do was to stay for the second half of the revue to which we were taken, the first night. I am sorry now that I did not stay, that we all did not stay, for it appears that the leading lady and the leading gentleman, learning in advance that a party of English visitors would be present, had gone to the length of learning a duet in English, with which to astonish and delight us. This duet was performed in the second half, and—alas!—there came no burst of hearty English applause, for we had gone. I still feel sorry about this. If I had known, I would have submitted for another hour or two to those hard wooden chairs, that close atmosphere, the elaborate jests in Polish, and the frantic and alarming disrobing of the Koszutski Girls. It was much more amusing at the *Merry Village*, where there were huge switchbacks and waterchutes and all the fun of the fair, gloriously spangled in electric lights under the deep blue of the midnight sky. It was here that Foreign Affairs and I won our crimson rosettes, which we wore in our buttonholes for the rest of the visit. We were awarded these for knocking down four little dummy men with a football, a feat that each of us performed three consecutive times, to the great content of the onlookers. I am not sure that this was not the great moment of the whole delightful visit.

The next day was grimly hot, and we had one of those official lunches that lasted from one-thirty to four, and had to drink toasts, make speeches, and talk in the wreckage of three or four different languages to our amiable but exhausting neighbors. These lunches were always very tiring; moreover, they always began with vodka, and vodka of many different colors; with the result that they never failed to introduce what might be called a subjective element into the remainder of the day's events. That is why I cannot be sure that I did not dream that visit to the chateau place. I remember driving from the restaurant back to a remote corner of the exhibition, where we saw, in an atmosphere of Arabian heat and dust, some wonderful Arab horses of a kind that were being bred in Poland. I remember taking my place in a car, and being grateful for the rest and the cool air that flowed round us once the car began to move. Then I fell asleep, and when I opened my eyes again we were standing in front of this chateau place, miles from anywhere. We might have been in the middle of the Steppes.

The sun seemed fiercer than ever, and it was pleasant to climb the large staircase and find oneself at last in a long apartment, shaded, and cool as a cellar. Still dazed, I stared at swords and manuscripts and suits of armor. Even when you are at home, a nap during the afternoon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaves you dazed for a while; and this was abroad, most fantastically abroad, and I had fallen asleep in one place and awakened in another, and how long we had been, how far we had come, where we were, I did not know. I wandered out on to a balcony, which overlooked a moat, still filled with water, and a wide avenue, flanked with noble old trees and so long that it seemed to dwindle to a green pin point. Everything was still: it might have been a back-cloth. Only the shimmer of heat disturbed the scene. I might have been dreaming in a hothouse. There were voices behind me, and I discovered, in the nearest room, the rest of our party gathered about the owner of the place, Countess somebody, a delightful old lady in sweeping black clothes. She was speaking in English, but in a curious sing-song tone, which made events already remote in time remoter still; and she was talking about an English governess she had had and her childhood in the 'sixties. Then there were tales of the old generation of aristocratic refugees, in a shadowy Paris. And the queer, half-chanting, half-querulous tones went on and on, and nothing I heard, nothing I saw, seemed real.

It was a day or so before I really recovered from that break with reality. The trouble was, one never had a chance to take hold of things properly, standing no nonsense from them. That very night we were shot round to a station that seemed to have more people in it than any station I have ever seen, people wearing side-curls and beards, strange hats, and riotous shawls. We climbed into a coach filled with sleeping berths and then talked excitedly in the corridor for half an hour. The train went swaying into the dark. I undressed, performed a short acrobatic act, which landed me finally in an upper berth, and then lay awake for an hour or two, during which time the train seemed to be moving at an appalling speed. After that, I dozed off, occasionally waking when we stopped, and hearing mysterious sounds and still more mysterious voices outside, where lanterns were being waved about in unimaginable stations. Deep sleep must have come to me at last, however, and I awoke to find the train moving quietly through the full flush of morning. Only four of us were left, the remainder of the party having left the train at an earlier station, to visit coal mines and zinc works. But we were going straight through to Kraków, and that is how we got there. Can you wonder that I shook hands limply with those smiling people who came to welcome us at the station, and could only mumble at them? I don't mean merely that I was tired (though I was); but these pleasant people were obviously convinced that they were real, and that Kraków was solidly there; whereas I was far from feeling sure about these things. The rest of the morning I moved about quite cautiously, for the whole business was still too brittle, and if I wasn't careful, why, Kraków might break like an eggshell!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

Debunking Ambassador Dawes

THE SPEECH MADE by Ambassador Dawes before the Pilgrims' Club in London, where he made his first public plea for Anglo-American understanding, attracted derisive comment in the columns of the *New Statesman*. It should be explained, however, that, although the *New Statesman* nearly always supports the Labor Party, it has a definite anti-American bias. Its editor, Mr. Clifford Sharp, preaches a curious mixture of radicalism and imperialism and he seems to have transferred his almost personal animus against Mr. Coolidge to the new ambassador at the Court of St. James:—

> It is very difficult to estimate with confidence the value of public declarations dealing with the future peace of the world. On the face of it, the speech of General Dawes, the new American Ambassador, at the Pilgrims' Club was pure guff—there is really no other word. He talked, for example, of the great principle of equality in naval strength between Great Britain and America, and said that it was 'a soul-satisfying fact' that this principle was 'upheld, sacred and inviolate, in the consciences and hearts of the two great English-speaking peoples.' He asked us, in short, to regard some understanding as to whether cruisers should have 6-inch or 10-inch guns as something which is 'sacred.' It is extraordinary that any public man should feel able on a great occasion to talk such nonsense.

The Broadway Melody Enchants the Paris Boulevards

THE JEALOUSY that American motion pictures arouse in other countries has been intensified by the advent of the talkie, and the European cinema industry is girding its loins to meet Yankee competition. It is therefore surprising to find the leading weekly literary journal in Paris, the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, commending the technical and artistic merits of a rather dreadful 'all talking—singing—dancing' picture, *The Broadway Melody*. M. Alexandre Arnoux, the regular movie critic on that paper, consecrates a long essay to praising the new art that the United States has produced:—

> While we have been hesitating, changing our minds, and jabbering to no purpose, these Americans have thrown themselves into their work, heart and soul. Of course, they have more money than we, but money alone does not explain their success; they haven't spared themselves in any respect. When one thinks of the difficulties of such an adventure, of the chances of failure, of the numerous problems to be solved, of the inevitable surprises that arise in such an unexplored field, one is utterly confounded. Engineers, directors, actors, and authors have had to form themselves into an enthusiastic bloc saturated with determination to see this venture through. Discipline, imagination, and science, the three cardinal virtues of movie production, have had to prevail and never falter. The results have justified the efforts expended. All the reproaches we could level against the talkies, all the just objections we might have raised fall to pieces in the face of this film.

A Viennese View of American Flappers

ONE YEAR AGO last spring a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl called Elizabeth Benson won momentary fame by writing a book entitled *The Younger Generation*. The extraordinary thing about this book is not that its youthful author boldly debunked the sex question, the liquor question, and the question of religion; the point is that she was only thirteen and therefore represents the generation that will be called younger when the flaming youths of to-day have been reduced to embers.

But certain Europeans—and particularly Dr. Freud's fellow townsmen in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vienna—are even more excited by such prodigies than we are, and Miss Benson's volume has therefore been translated into German for their benefit. It has attracted wide attention, and a particularly significant review appeared in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna, the regular organ of the militant Austrian Socialists. The reviewer, a woman named Marianne Pollak, has nothing but praise for the youthful author's flair for debunking certain notions, but she criticizes Miss Benson for paying no attention whatever to the social problem:—

> The golden youth of America, which has never had to earn a cent, which has been brought up in an atmosphere of complete individualism, recognizes the honorableness of toil but knows nothing whatever about the social struggle that has prevailed throughout world history. The young people of America are confirmed individualists who believe that the activities of anti-nicotine leagues are vital social work. Their fathers and mothers have attained freedom and certain rights. But the children recognize the cleavage between elders and youngsters, for twenty-five years—the last twenty-five years—lie between them. For that reason the struggle between the generations is being carried on by eager fighters armed with the sharpest intellectual weapons. But how about the class struggle? Why does their understanding, which extends to the heavens, ignore the hell of American capitalism? If they have been able to tear every concealing veil from science, religion, and sex, why haven't they discerned the class struggle, which is scarcely hidden at all?

America's Future and Europe's

BELA FÖLDES, a former Hungarian minister and an ex-member of the Privy Council, has attempted to outline the future development of world economics in the light of recent American experience. He points out, first of all, that America has been able to follow a policy of individualism and *laissez-faire* but that she is beginning to reach the end of her rope. Europe, on the other hand, long ago set up various forms of state control, but it remains to be seen how the technical advances made in the United States will fit into some form of government supervision. M. Földes is particularly agitated by the fact that since 1920 the number of American factory workers, as well as that of workers on farms, has declined, although the population of the country has increased by thirteen millions in that period. These two facts lead him to the rather precipitate conclusion that increased production means increased unemployment. But he also feels that human efficiency may already have attained its peak and speculates as follows on future developments:—

> Two possibilities exist. One is that this tempestuous condition of progress in which we are living will come to a halt and a stationary condition will be maintained instead. This is not only possible but even probable. The dizzy tempo of our time can hardly remain with us permanently. The second possibility is the exact opposite. It would be the further development of present production methods. In that case, it would be possible that if such methods set free certain forces of human labor in one quarter it would make still greater demands on human labor in another quarter, since a cheaper product creates a wider demand for that product. But, of course, this result would be enormously modified and might even be entirely frustrated by cartels and agreements, for the manufacturers would rather sell fewer products at a higher price. In either case, however, we must reckon on the possibility that progress in technique and organization may make more and more workers superfluous and thus increase the army of the unemployed. From a humanitarian standpoint it is a desirable and happy state of affairs when we find it easier to satisfy our needs and when unpleasant but necessary toil has been reduced to a minimum. Man, under such circumstances, becomes more and more the master of Nature and lets her work for him. Humanity will no longer have to live from the sweat of its brow. But what will happen to the masses of superfluous workers? Will the great majority of mankind devote itself to intellectual pursuits? Will the working day be reduced to only a few hours, as Fourier advocated? This problem has not yet arisen in its final form, but we can discover by looking at the American scene that coming events cast their shadows before them.

Mencken in French

THANKS TO THE ENERGIES of Professor Régis Michaud, who teaches French in the University of California and writes books on American literature that appear in both French and English, Mr. H. L. Mencken's views on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are at last made available to the reading public of France in book form. Naturally enough, the volume is entitled *Préjugés*, and it is equally natural that the opinions contained in it should commend themselves warmly to the *Action Française*, which, as the official organ of the French Royalists, seizes every opportunity to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heap ridicule on democratic institutions. A long review in that paper, signed by Robert Le Diable, quotes Mr. Mencken at length on the third-rate qualities that all successful demagogues must possess and on the corruption that democracy is bound to breed. But those of us who are already familiar with this easy cynicism will be more interested in what a thoroughly reactionary Frenchman has to say about Mencken as a human being:—

'In many ways,' writes M. Le Diable, 'Mencken recalls Heinrich Heine. In the first place, he is of German extraction. He mocks German immigrants who are not familiar with Goethe and Thomas Mann. He suffers when he sees America receiving her ideas from England. He praises the resistance shown by Germany in the World War, which the United States entered late in the day, out of pure self-interest and without any risk. He is also partial to that form of sententious and enormous affirmation so dear to Heine. His air of gravity is such that, in spite of the obvious irony with which he invests it, he reduces the importance of what he has to say.

'Moreover, he has, like Heine, a secret feeling of tenderness for the country whose children he ridicules. If he remains a loyal and devoted American living in clover under the shade of the star-spangled banner, he explains that this is because the United States is the easiest place in the world to make a living in, the easiest place in which to feel superior to the mass of one's fellows and the easiest place in which to be continually amused to one's taste—in other words, to relish the folly of other people by seeing it at first hand. Now all these are excellent reasons, but perhaps there is a better one, which is that Mr. H. L. Mencken was born an American and cannot be anything else. His vituperative attacks on his compatriots are the sign of a deep affection. He insults them only so that he may redeem them from their state of intellectual mediocrity, just as one puts a dunce cap on a lazy schoolboy. Let us not take literally what he says.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAR AND PEACE

Men will not long recognize the sword as the major source of authority. So long as there is evil in the world, armies and navies will be required for domestic and international police service, but peace will never be made permanent by fear alone. It must have a main foundation of justice and good will strong enough to satisfy the reason and conscience of humanity.—*Calvin Coolidge, Ex-President of the United States.*

Peace should become the primary business of every country.—*Proclamation by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.*

Never since the Armistice was signed over ten years ago has effective peace been so near, so tangible, so easily to be had for the taking. Yet blunders and misunderstandings, doubts and suspicions, partial revelations and misplaced secrecy have befogged the outlook so grievously that instead of peace there may be a gradual drifting toward international estrangement and ultimate war.—*Dr. Fred B. Smith, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World Alliance for International Friendship.*

We believe that it is inconceivable that our country would ever engage in an aggressive war. We believe in an adequate national defense and in adequate preparedness against aggression or against attack.—*William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor.*

Remember that foreign travel sometimes makes you dislike actively some nation toward which you were quite indifferent before. —*Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford University.*

The smaller the armed force of the world, the less will armed force be left in the minds of men as an instrument of national policy. The smaller the armed forces of the world, the less will be the number of men withdrawn from the creative and productive labors. Thus we shall relieve the toilers of the nations of the deadening burden of unproductive expenditures and, above all, we shall deliver them from the greatest of human calamities—fear. We shall breathe an air cleared of poison, of destructive thought and of potential war.—*Herbert Hoover, President of the United States.*

The economic burden of war must be made to fall with equal weight upon every element that goes to make up our national life. This method of national protection will promote peace.—*Colonel Patrick J. Hurley, Assistant Secretary of War.*

Navies are fighting machines. They are built in anticipation of war. They are built because war is expected.—*Senator William E. Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your First FRENCH LESSONS *Free!*

Now the famous house of Hugo offers to prove *without cost to you* that you can learn French this easy way in record time, that the most valuable *second* language in the world can be mastered in your leisure at home without a teacher.

As the American representatives of this great foreign language Institute, we will send absolutely free, for you to keep for all time without a penny of cost, the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT *complete*—just as you would receive them if you paid cash in full for the course.

Thousands have acquired a facile working knowledge of French through this easy, rapid method. Thousands have paid the original price—much more than is now asked—for the complete twenty-four lesson course.

The success and world-wide fame of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT have been attained because of its *naturalness* and the ease of its mastery. Instead of starting your study with conjugations and tedious rules of grammar, you begin from the first page of LESSON ONE to speak perfect, usable French sentences with the proper native accent.

Hugo's Famous FRENCH-AT-SIGHT at the Lowest Price in History

Mail the coupon at once for your free sample lessons of this efficient *short-cut* to usable French. Examine them at your leisure, read a few pages and enjoy the fun of learning without effort. Try the key to pronunciation—see how many French words you already know. Then, after five days, if you do not wish to continue the course the experiment has cost you nothing.

If you *do* wish to finish the rest of the twenty-four lessons, you send only $1.85 first payment and $2 per month—while you are learning—for four consecutive months. If you prefer to pay cash in full after you have seen the sample lessons you can *save one dollar* by remitting $8.85 in full payment.

The coupon will bring you the first two lessons *complete*, absolutely FREE! Mail it tonight!

DOUBLEDAY DORAN & CO., Inc.

Garden City Dept. F-809 New York

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC., Dept. F-809
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK.

You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT absolutely free. If I decide to continue the course I will send $1.85 within a week and $2 per month for four consecutive months. If I do not want to continue the course I will keep the first lessons without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

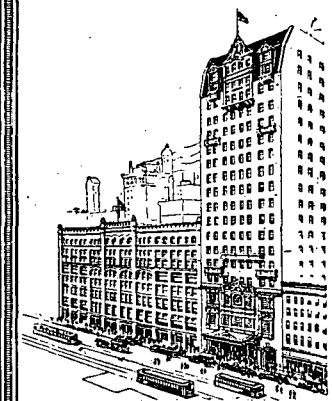
Large Enough
to Serve You Well
Small Enough
to Know You

Hotel
Atlantic
Chicago

450 Rooms
$2.00 to $4.00

Clark Street
& Jackson Blvd.

ROESSLER & TEICH
Managers



Views & Reviews

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN. *By the Right Honorable T. P. O'Connor, M.P. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols.* $10.00

OLD? CAN 'TAY PAY' be really old? His intellect is powerful and keen, and, for energy, few men can compare with him. An exceptionally hard-working member of Parliament, he is also the official censor, without whose approval no motion picture may be exhibited in Great Britain. But still he is able, week after week, to pour forth in appalling number newspaper articles and book reviews which are always 'topical' and always gracefully written. When Joe Chamberlain lay dead at his home some fifteen years ago, 'Tay Pay' wrote his obituary for the *Daily Telegraph*. A brilliant article, six columns long, it was all done from memory in less than three hours.

And yet, it is the amazing truth that this T. P. O'Connor whom we daily read of as the 'Father of the House of Commons' is the same man whose tremendous philippic ended the career of Disraeli. In a couple of weeks he is to celebrate his eighty-first birthday and in a couple of months he will have completed an uninterrupted period of fifty years in Parliament.

In these two volumes he looks down those years, a rather lovable old man with a very retentive memory. He goes back to a time before the Home Rule movement began. He writes of the strife and the men of a turbulent and colorful time in the history of Parliament. And he writes as only a splendid journalist, who was also a leader in the fight, can write. What a gallery of personages move and have their being here! Michael Davitt of the One Hand! The grotesque Biggar whom 'Tay Pay' calls an 'Irish Quasimodo'! Dillon and Sexton and 'Tiger Tim' Healy! Forster, Dilke and Joe Chamberlain! John Bright and Morley of Blackburn! Gladstone, without whom the House of Commons became 'as a chamber illumined by a farthing dip when the electric light has failed!' And so the roll of famous men goes on: Balfour and Randolph Churchill, Harcourt and Campbell-Bannerman and a host of others.

Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But high above them all stands one other figure whose name is written—in tears, it seems to me—across the very sky that is over them: Parnell. It is strange that after thirty-eight years this 'Uncrowned King of Ireland' should prove so fascinating still. But so it is.

Perhaps I may be permitted to quote the paragraph in which 'Tay Pay' sums up what he conceives to have been Parnell's great achievement. He recalls the very 'respectable' class of men who represented Ireland before they were displaced by the 'disreputable' men of the Home Rule party.

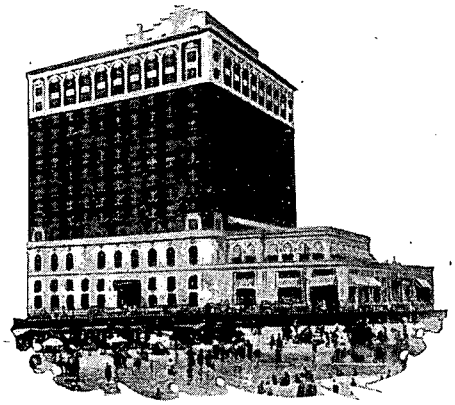
Then 'Tay Pay' goes on to say:—

'It required a man of consummate political genius to remove this deep-rooted sentiment of cynical disbelief in Members of Parliament . . . There is no achievement in the life of Parnell which is more remarkable and more surprising than his success in a few years in producing this extraordinary transformation in the attitude to constitutional agitation of nearly all the Irish people. Shallow and ignorant observers of Parnell's attitude in those early days of his were always describing him as a revolutionary. At the start of his movement he used the revolutionary forces. Without their honesty, their self-devotion, and their high spirit, he could not have drawn Ireland out of the slough and disparagement into which all the dishonesty and corruption of some thirty years of Irish life had sunk the people. Parnell was elected to the House of Commons in 1875, and it took him less than five years to restore Irish faith and hope in Parliamentary methods.'

DAVID JOHN MARSHALL.

A HISTORY OF ITALY, 1870–1915. *By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Cecilia M. Ady. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929.* $5.00.

This book is an unbelievable achievement. Somehow its aged author has succeeded in depicting for all time in living words a great period of his country's history. One cannot discover how he has done it. There are virtually no dates mentioned nor events recorded; all mere political history is left to the reader's inference. And yet here is a portrait, to the



Atlantic City's
Finest Residential Hotel

PRESIDENT HOTEL

On the BEACHFRONT
at ALBANY AVENUE

LOCATED IN THE QUIET AND EXCLUSIVE CHELSEA SECTION

500 ROOMS WITH SEA WATER BATHS

AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

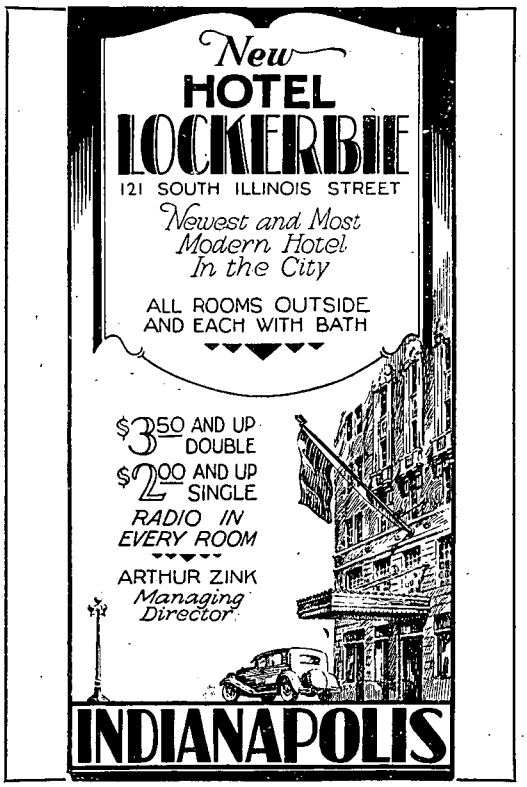
Sea Water Swimming Pool
Concert Orchestra
Turkish and Cabinet Baths
Spacious Sun Deck
Fireproof Construction

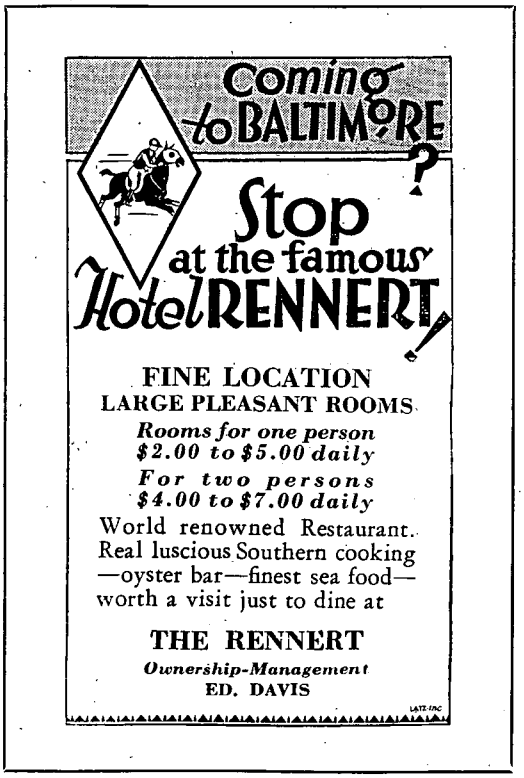
Also Beautifully Furnished Housekeeping Apartments Consisting of 1, 2, 3 and 4 Rooms with Complete Hotel Service by the Week, Month or Year.

"The Perfect Service and Distinctive Atmosphere, and the Highly Desirable Location Are Altogether Out of Proportion With the Really Moderate Rates Prevailing."

Under the Management of Charles D. Boughton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





life, convincing in and by itself, of nearly fifty years in a nation's existence.

One can, after much thought, see the method. It is like the method of epic poetry—here a detail, there a detail, all knit together by sound generalization and all based on so intimate a knowledge of the sources as to have literally made footnotes or authorities superfluous.

In a discussion of the Franco-Italian ill-feeling during the premiership of Crispi, occurs the following passage:—

But the French people, or rather the good French bourgeoisie, is so constituted that when confronted by complex political situations it asks in all seriousness the simple question whether a certain man or nation 'loves or does not love France,' and for this it demands the appropriate tests and prescribes the appropriate penalties. It acts as if all the lovers in the world were obliged to fall in love with the same woman, and, moreover, as if France were a woman.

This is typical. When a historian can write soundly thus, when he can write such a chapter as Croce's on Marxism in Italy (Chapter VI), he has achieved an eminence which is above fear of reproach. A reviewer can only hope that his notice will lead a few people to read for themselves, and marvel.

NORAVIND. *By Dudley Vaill Talcott. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1929.* $10.

This is the record of a trip to Norway on which the author canoed up the west coast as far as Tromsö, the point which Byrd used as his base when he flew to the North Pole. Partly in hand-lettered text, all written in bold capitals, and partly in strong, simple pen and ink drawings, Mr. Talcott communicates with extraordinary vigor and accuracy the sensations he enjoyed on his adventurous journey. Because he produced this book purely for his own pleasure, it does not fit into any of the usual pigeon-holes. The style of writing and the style of the illustrations are entirely the author's own. There is not a superfluous word or line anywhere and there is scarcely a page, either of text or illustration, that does not make a pungent, fresh impression. Norway, as Mr. Talcott sees it, is a wind-swept country

Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

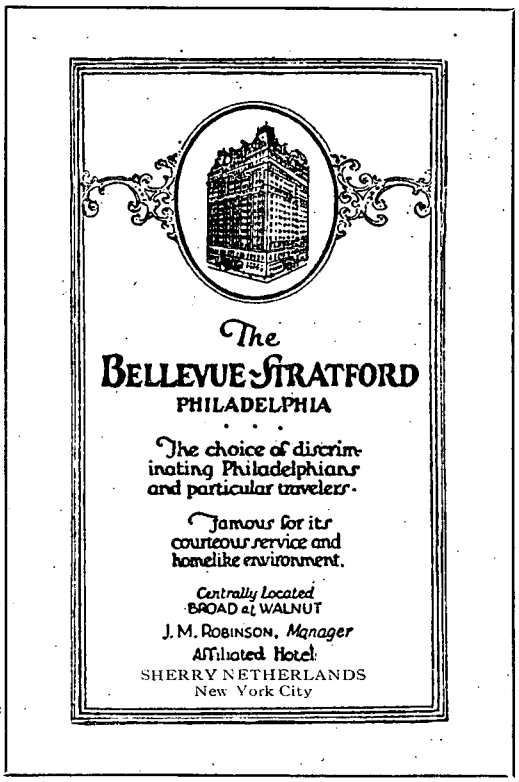
of clear-cut landscapes, sturdy men, and very free and very easy women. 'The girls of Oslo,' exclaims this ecstatic young American visitor as his boat is pulling out for the Land of Liberty, 'they who swim all summer and ski all winter. What didn't I see. Thank you, girls, and thank you, God, for creating such.'

THE BRITISH IN TROPICAL AFRICA. *By Ifor L. Evans. Cambridge: at the University Press (U. S. Distributors, The Macmillan Company). 1929.* $4.50.

This book is a businesslike summary of the development of component parts of the British African Empire which, beginning with a tiny settlement at the mouth of the River Gambia in 1618, is to-day very nearly as large as the continental United States. It opens with two brief chapters outlining the advance of Europeans into the African continent as a whole, and then proceeds to take up the thirteen British dependencies, one by one. It makes no attempt at historical synthesis, nor does it pretend to excellence in literary style. Intended primarily for the use of British Civil Service candidates, it is of interest to others principally because it contains in handy form up-to-date information which can be obtained from no other single source.

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929.* $2.50.

Whenever this Englishman, who is professor of philosophy in Harvard University, writes a book, it is worth attention and demands study. These essays are by no means difficult reading. Yet at times one wishes that they were a little easier; perhaps they would then do more good. To those who most need them, they will be incomprehensible. In those who understand them, they will produce much hearty agreement and a little weariness with metaphysics.



MANUFACTURERS

Write for our FREE Classification Sheet of Inventions for sale, covering 135 mail subjects, and in one or more of which you will doubtless be interested.

ADAM FISHER MFG. CO.
579 Enright St. Louis, Mo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Travel Calendar

AUSTRIA

INNSBRUCK. September-October. 7th International Sample Fair.
LINZ. September 29, Popular Fête.
VIENNA. September, Meeting of the International Union of Marine Insurance; 22–26, German Technical Society for Illumination; end of *September*–beginning of *October*, International Course on Medical Progress; *October*, Autumn Art Exhibition.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP. September, 6th International Colonial Fair.
BRUSSELS. September, 2nd International Conference for the Unification of the Formulæ of Heroic Drugs; 12th International Exhibition of Aviculture; 23, Pilgrimage to the Place des Martyrs; *October* 10, Horse Fair.
GHENT. October 1, St. Bavon's Day.
LIÈGE. September 30, Walloon Festival; *October 6,* Autumn Fair opens for a month.

BOLIVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 12, Fiesta de la Raza (Columbus Day).

BULGARIA

GORNYA-ORJECHOVICA. September, 7th International Sample Fair.

CANADA

KAMLOOPS (British Columbia). September, Agricultural Fair.
KELOWNA (British Columbia). September 30–October 2, Kelowna Fall Fair.
KINGSTON (Ontario). September 10–14, Industrial Exhibition.
LONDON (Ontario). September 9–14, Western Fair.
VICTORIA (British Columbia). September 28–29, Opening of new Cathedral by Bishop of Winchester.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 18, Celebration of Independence Day.

CHINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 10, Anniversary of the Revolution in 1912 which gave rise to the Republic.

CHOSEN (KOREA)

KEIJO. September 12–October 31, Grand Celebration, 20th Anniversary of Japanese Administration in Chosen.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 12, Discovery of America; 28, Bolivar's Saint's Day.

COSTA RICA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 15, Independence Day, celebrating the birth of Costa Rica as an independent republic.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

PRAGUE. September, German Physicists' and Mathematicians' Congress; 21st International Automobile and Cycle Show; 15–21, International Congress of Tanning Chemists; *September-October,* 10th Anniversary of the Czechoslovakian Republic and 1,000th-year Celebration and Exhibition in Commemoration of St. Wenceslaus; *October 6–13,* 1st Congress of Slavonian Philologists.

DANZIG

ZOPPOT. September 15, Horse Races; 22, Horse Races; *Autumn,* 11th International Sample Fair.

DENMARK

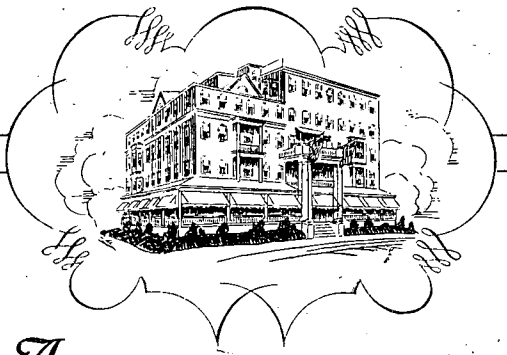
COPENHAGEN. September 15–22, International Meteorological Congress; *October 9,* Opening of National Art Exhibition; 20, Old Folks' Day, Concerts and Fêtes.
RANDERS. September 21, Horse Fair.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 12, Celebration of the Discovery of America.

Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A LEADING Hotel of this Popular Resort. Rooms—Single—Double or en-suite with private baths. Unexcelled cuisine and service. American plan.
Ownership-Management MARY L. BIOREN
Also under same management The Boscobel and Ocean Avenue Hotel, Ocean Grove, N. J.

LATZ INC.

· MARLBOROUGH HOTEL ·
ASBURY PARK, N.J.
"ON THE ATLANTIC"

Opens Mid-August
in New York
The HOTEL
GOVERNOR CLINTON
Opposite Penn. R. R. Station
New York's new hotel truly expressive of the greatest city. 1200 pleasant rooms each with Servidor, bath, circulating ice water and radio provisions.

ROOMS *from* **$3.00**

E. G. KILL *General Mgr.*

31ST STREET 7TH AVENUE

LATZ INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 9, Commemoration of the Independence of Guayaquil; 12, Discovery of America.

EGYPT

NATIONAL CELEBRATION, October 9, Celebrations in honor of the accession of H. M. King Fuad I.

ENGLAND

BROOKLANDS. October 12, 500-Mile Motor Race.

DONCASTER. October 9, Autumn Race Meeting.

HULL. October 10, Fair.

LONDON. September, 10th International Exhibition of Shipbuilding and Engineering; 33rd International Confectioners' and Bakers' Exhibition; 33rd International Grocers', Provision Dealers', and Allied Traders' Exhibition; 14–21, International Tobacco Exhibition and Congress; *September 14–October 12*, 74th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society; *October 7–11*, International Savings Congress; 9–17, 5th International Exhibition of Inventions; 17–26, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition.

NEWMARKET. October 16, Cesarewitch Stakes Races; 30, the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

PONTEFRACT. October 2, Races.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. October 12, Mop Fair.

WORCESTER. September, Three Choirs Festival.

YARMOUTH. September 18–19, Races.

ESTHONIA

REVEL. Mid-September-October, Exhibition of Esthonian Art.

FRANCE

AUDIERNE. September 25, Pardon.

CHEVREUSE. September 14–15, International Youth Camp and Conference.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL. October 17, Pilgrimage and Religious Ceremonies.

PARIS. September, 1st International Congress on Microbiology; *Autumn*, 4th International Nautical Show; *October*, International Shoe and Leather Fair; 3–13, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition; 15–18, 2nd International Congress of Jewellers; 22–29, 6th International Congress on Stomatology, and Exhibition; 25–26, International Foundry Congress.

PONT-L'ABBÉ. September 22, Pardon.

ROUEN. September, Congress of the International League on Homes and Housing.

SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21, Pilgrimage and Religious Fête.

TOURS. October, French University Courses.

GERMANY

BERLIN. September 9–October 3, Congress of the Union for New Education; *September (2nd half)*, 15th Parliamentary International Commerce Conference; 21, First German Advertising Exposition opens; *September 21–October 20*, World Advertising Exhibition; *September 29–October 3*, People's Union for New Education; *October*, Great German Social Welfare Week; 4–5, German Gymnastic Day; 7–12, 12th Post and Telegraph Week; 7–12, 6th Railroad Scientific Management Week; *October–March, 1930*, Lectures by the Carnegie Professor at the German Academy of Politics.

COLOGNE. September 14–28, Last motor tour to the Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, and the Black Forest; 15–20, Autumn Fair.

DARMSTADT. Mid-October, Meeting of the School of Wisdom (Count Keyserling).

DRESDEN. September 20–October 10, German and Austrian Meteorologists' Congress; 5–6, Jugendherberge Day.

ESSEN. July 25–October 15, Ruhr Gardening Exhibition and Meetings of Expert Gardeners.

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. September 22–October 2, 21st International Sample Fair; *September 26–29*, 2nd International Congress of Modern Architecture; 29, Fall Fair opens.

GIESSEN. September 30–October 12, Foreigners' Vacation Courses at the University.

HANOVER. October 14–20, Congress for School Music.

LEIPZIG. September, International Congress of Museum Directors; *October 1*, Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the German Supreme Court.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The RESORT HOTEL of the NATION'S CAPITAL

Within Ten Minutes of THE WHITE HOUSE

1200 SUNSHINE ROOMS (all outside) WITH BATH

$5.00 Single $8.00 Double

RIDING GOLF SWIMMING TENNIS

L. G. MOORE Managing Director
HARRY WARDMAN President

Aerial Searchlight Visible Fifty Miles Casting Its Rays from Our Roof

LATZ Inc.

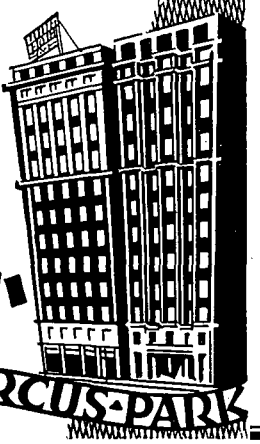
COMING to DETROIT ?

Tourists and Travelers make the Tuller their Headquarters.

In the heart of the city. Easily accessible to all theatres, shops and the business section.

The famous Arabian Room. The city's finest restaurant. Excellent Food. Charming dance orchestra.

WARD B. JAMES, *Mgr.*



Hotel Tuller

FACING GRAND CIRCUS PARK

Quality advertising, not advertising volume, is the aim of THE LIVING AGE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATIONAL TOUR of EUROPE

Supplementing the 3rd University World Cruise

Sails from New York, S. S. "California," Sept. 28th

A unique, exclusive and most economical opportunity for your son or daughter (or you) to see and to *know* Europe intimately under the direction of well-known professors of wide travel experience from leading American universities.

104 glorious days of intellectual sport through Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Italy, *for $750.*

Unhurried trips, many by motor, to most fascinating Old World university towns. Special field trips to museums, industrial centers, government institutions — places and things famous in history, art and literature. Meeting interesting people of the day; all the great cities; Chateau country; French Alps; winter sports in Switzerland; the Rhine; Danube; Christmas and New Year in Italy.

This tour is offered in connection with the 3rd *University World Cruise* of the Steamship "Letitia," which sails from New York, December 28th — and from Naples, January 12th. It simply adds to the World Cruise 104 illuminating days of Europe. Or it may be taken independently, returning to New York, at a minimum cost of $950, all expenses included.

Bookings limited. Write at once for full details of this instructive, most unusual and most fascinating opportunity.

EN ROUTE SERVICE, INC.

HOTEL PLAZA — *Telephone, PLAza 6342* — NEW YORK

MAINZ. September 15, Aviation Week opens.
MUNICH. Autumn, Bulgarian Week.
MÜNSTER. September 25, German Pharmacological Society.
TÜBINGEN. September 16–19, German Society for the Science of Heredity.
WEIMAR. End of *September*, Meeting of the German Dante Society.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. October–November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.
HAARLEM. October 1, St. Bavon's Day.
THE HAGUE. September, 1st Session of the International Technical Advisory Committee on Radio-electric Communications; 17, Opening of the Houses of Parliament.
ROTTERDAM. September, 7th Annual Congress of the International Federation of Intellectual Workers.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 6, Memorial Day.
BUDAPEST. October 2, International Balneologic and Hydrologic Congress and Congress for Combating Rheumatic Diseases.
SVABHEGY. September 29, 10th Jubilee of Motor Races.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 20, General Holiday, Conquest of Rome.
ASSISI. October 4, Festival of St. Francis.
COMO. September 20–26, International Motonautical Meeting.
LIDO (Venice). September 15, International Tennis Tournament for Italian Championship.
MILAN. September 15, St. Leger Italian Prize Race; *October 1–31*, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; 6, Jockey Club International Prize Race; 27, Simplon Prize International Race.
NAPLES. September 19, Miracle Festival of Saint Januarius.
ROME. September 12–19, Congress of the International Federation for Housing and Town Planning.
STRESA. September 28–October 6, 8th Horsemanship Contest.

JAPAN

KANDA. September 14–15, Festival of Kanda Shrine.
KYŌTO. October 22, Jidai-Matsuri, Historical Fête of the Heian Shrine; *October 28–November 9*, Third Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.
OMORI. October 12–13, The Oeshiki, or Annual Festival of Nichiren at Ikegami Hommonji Temple, in commemoration of Nichiren, great Buddhist saint of Japan.
RYOGOKU. October 1, Chrysanthemum Displays begin at Hibiya Park, Kobugi-Kwan.
SHIBA (Tōkyō). September 11–21, Festival of Shimmei Shrine—one of the grandest festivals of the city.
TŌKYŌ (Akasaka Ward). September 13–16, Festival of Hikawa-jinja Shrine.
TŌKYŌ. October 29–November 7, International Engineering Congress.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND

LWÓW (Lemberg). September, 9th International Oriental Sample Fair.

WARSAW. September, International Horse Races; Congress of the International Association for Pure and Applied Chemistry; 5th Congress of the International Union of Tourist Associations.

RUSSIA

KIEV. October 2, Ukraine Art Exhibition.

UKRAINE. Autumn, 7th Congress of the Physicists of the U.S.S.R.

SPAIN

BILBAO. September 15, Sport Festival.

MADRID. Autumn, International Cancer Congress; *October 7–December 14*, Spanish University Courses; *October 12*, Fiesta de la Raza.

SARAGOSSA. October 12, Fiesta de la Raza.

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM. September 20, Children's Day Celebrations at the Stadium; *October 13–15*, Blind People's Day, celebrated with fairs and concerts.

UPSALA. September, the International Missionary Council.

SWITZERLAND

BÂLE. October, 2nd International Druggists' Congress.

DAVOS. September, 3rd International University Course.

GENEVA. September, 10th Meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations; International Aviation Congress; *October 7*, 4th Meeting of the International Commission for the Standardization of Sanitary Material; 7–9, 2nd Conference on the Health and Welfare of Merchant Seamen.

LAUSANNE. September 2–October 12, University Course in Modern French.

LUCERNE. September 21, Swiss Military Horse-jumping Competition and Horse Race.

MONTREUX. September 23–October 5, International Golf Tournaments.

NEUCHÂTEL. October 6, Vintage Fête and Pageant.

ZÜRICH. September, Flower Festival and Shooting Competition for Boys; *October 14*, Football Match, Switzerland *vs.* Italy.

The HOTEL JEFFERSON

Ownership Management:

FETTER & HOLLINGER

Atlantic City's
NEWEST FIREPROOF HOTEL
Ocean End, South Kentucky Avenue
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS

Rest Rooms *Solarium*
Roof Garden
Open Porches *Card Rooms*
Beautiful Lounges and Lobbies

MONTICELLO HOTEL
under same management

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advisory Council of The Living Age

GEORGE W. ALGER
Lawyer, author, publicist; New York.

JULES S. BACHE
Banker and corporation executive.

WILLIAM HARMAN BLACK
Justice N. Y. Supreme Court; Honorary Chairman, The Travel Society.

LUCIUS M. BOOMER
Corporation executive; New York.

WILLIAM YOUNG BOYD
Publicist, investigator for President of Panama of European free ports, 1924, member commission accompanying President Pessoa of Brazil to U. S. A., 1919.

JAMES H. BREASTED
Orientalist, historian, President American Oriental Society; Chicago.

ELMER E. BROWN
Chancellor of New York University, Member of Academy Letters and Sciences of Naples.

THEODORE E. BURTON
Statesman, author, U. S. Senator from Ohio, 1909–15, distinguished member of international boards and commissions.

IRVING T. BUSH
Industrialist, corporation executive, and former President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York.

LAWRENCE S. BUTLER
Architect; New York.

ARTHUR CAPPER
U. S. Senator from Kansas.

CHARLES HORACE CLAPP
President State University of Montana, geologist, member various national scientific societies.

NORMAN F. COLEMAN
President Reed College; Portland, Oregon.

ROBERT H. DAVIS
Author, editor; New York.

ARTHUR LYMAN DEAN
President University of Hawaii, 1914–17.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST
Lawyer, philanthropist, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

COLONEL F. E. DRAKE
Paris, France.

ARTHUR S. DRAPER
Assistant Editor of 'New York Herald Tribune.'

W. R. FARRINGTON
Governor of the Territory of Hawaii.

EDWARD A. FILENE
Former director International Chamber of Commerce and Chamber of Commerce of U. S., merchant; Boston.

LYNN J. FRAZIER
Governor of North Dakota, 1917–21; U. S. Senator.

JOHN CLINTON FUTRALL
President of the University of Arkansas.

HARRY A. GARFIELD
President of Williams College, Chairman Institute of Politics.

DAVID S. GARLAND
President 'New York Law Review.'

LINDLEY M. GARRISON
Secretary of War of the United States, 1913–16.

JOSEPH W. GRIGG
Journalist; London.

ARNOLD BENNETT HALL
President University of Oregon, member American Political Science Association.

WILLIAM H. HAMILTON
Financier, corporation executive.

LAURENCE HILLS
Editor-in-chief and general manager Paris Edition of the 'New York Herald.'

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE
Statesman, publicist; Austin, Texas, and New York.

CHARLES I. KAGEY
U. S. Minister to Finland, 1921–25; Vice-President American Bar Association, 1921–22; Beloit, Kansas.

J. LESLIE KINCAID
Adjutant General of the 27th Division, U. S. A., A. E. F., 1917–18. President, The Travel Society.

DAVID KINLEY
President University of Illinois.

CLARENCE N. LEWIS
Former Counsel N. Y. Transit Commission.

MARTIN T. MANTON
Senior Judge U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, Second Circuit.

JOHN L. McLAURIN
U. S. Senator from South Carolina, 1897–1903.

SAMUEL McROBERTS
Banker, corporation executive, Brigadier General, U. S. A., A. E. F.; New York.

FRANK L. McVEY
President University of Kentucky; lecturer, Royal Frederick University of Oslo, Norway.

HERMAN A. METZ
Industrialist and corporation executive, Comptroller of the City of New York, 1906–10.

GEORGE H. MOSES
U. S. Senator from New Hampshire; President pro tem. U. S. Senate.

FRANCIS J. OAKES, JR.
Engineer and corporation executive; Brookline, Mass.

JOHN F. O'RYAN
Major General, Commander of the 27th Division, U. S. A., A. E. F., 1917, President Colonial Air Transport, Inc.

COLONEL SAM PARK
American Vice-Consul at Biarritz, France.

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE
Author, editor, and public official; New York.

FRANCIS K. PENDLETON
Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1907–10, Justice of the Supreme Court, State of New York, 1910–20.

FRANK L. POLK
Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1914–15, Counselor and Under-Secretary of State, 1915–19, head of the American Delegation to Peace Conference at Paris, 1919.

WILLIAM R. RIDDELL
Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Canada, Appellate Division.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Colonel 26th Infantry, U. S. A., A. E. F., 1917, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1921–24.

ROBERT C. ROOT
Professor of economics and sociology, College of the Pacific; member American Academy of Political and Social Sciences.

LINDSAY RUSSELL
Founder of Pilgrims' Society of London and New York, founder of Japan Society, former chairman of Council on Foreign Relations; New York City.

GEORGE J. RYAN
Banker, President of Board of Education of New York City.

JOSEPH HAMBLEN SEARS
Author, publisher; New York.

SIR ASHLEY SPARKS
Resident director of the Cunard Lines in U. S. A.

HENRY L. STODDARD
Journalist, publisher; New York.

RALPH B. STRASSBURGER
Author, publisher, diplomat.

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS
Merchant; New York.

HOWARD SUTHERLAND
U. S. Alien Property Custodian; U. S. Senator from West Virginia, 1917–23.

C. HOWARD TATE
Art director and specialist in engraving; New York.

GEORGE THOMAS
President University of Utah, economist.

R. H. TITHERINGTON
Editor, author, trustee of the Frank A. Munsey Estate.

CARMI A. THOMPSON
Treasurer of the United States by appointment of President Taft, United States Special Commissioner to the Philippine Islands by appointment of President Coolidge; Cleveland, Ohio.

ALFRED H. UPHAM
President University of Utah.

ARCHIBALD R. WATSON
Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1910–14.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN
Governor of the State of New York; 1914–18, President of the American Bar Association, 1926–27.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR
United States Secretary of the Interior.

WILLIAM R. WILLCOX
Chairman Public Utilities Commission, City of New York, 1907–13, Chairman Republican National Committee, 1916–18.

HENRY LANE WILSON
U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, 1909–13.

HENRY E. WINTHROP
President of Italy-America Society.

BURGESS W. WOOLEY
President Argentine-America Chamber of Commerce.

EVANS WOOLEN
Banker; Indianapolis.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED